



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

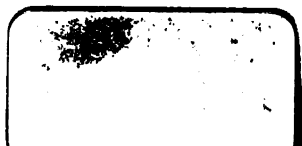
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

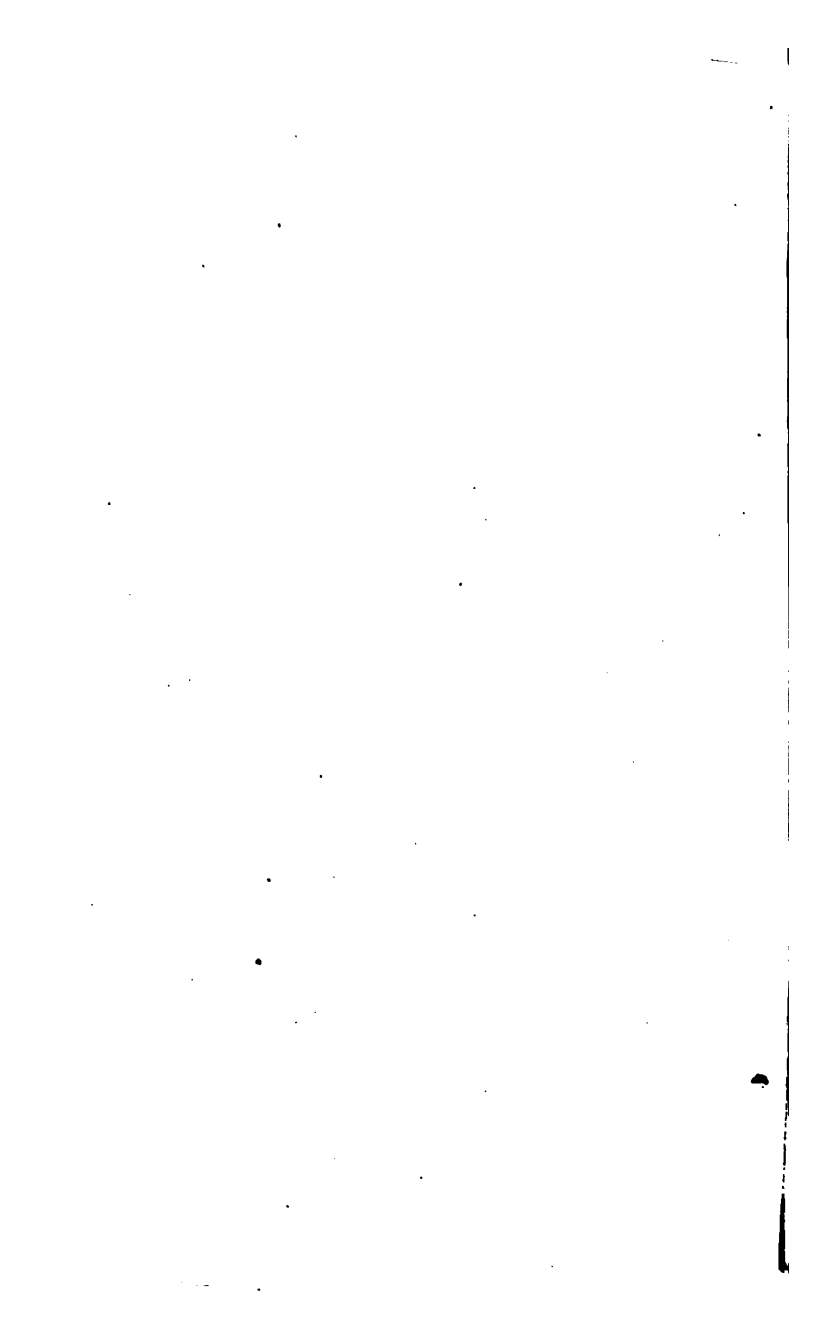
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

44. 998.







1846

NORAH TOOLE,



OTHER TALES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF NATIONAL AND DOMESTIC
MANNERS.

BY A LADY.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XLIV.

LONDON :
HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NORAH TOOLE; a Tale of Ireland	1
<hr/>	
ROB MAXWELL; or, the Highland Shepherd	43
<hr/>	
FELIX JANSEN; or, Life in Norway	62
<hr/>	
LEONARD HARTMANN, the Swiss Traveller	101



NORAH TOOLE;



TALE OF IRELAND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following sketch of Irish life was written some few years ago—before the great Temperance movement had taken place, and before the New Poor Law Act had come into operation. With some few alterations, I have allowed it to stand, however, in my series; feeling certain that it is still a faithful representation of what is passing in many an Irish hovel.

I can speak from personal observation of the now-prevailing temperance, and of the pacific habits of the lower orders, having seen them at three different periods within the last twenty-five years. The change is indeed great: may it but be as lasting as it is remarkable!



Scene in an Irish Fair.

Norah Toole.

IF you would acquaint yourself with real Irish life, you must seek your information in the *heart* of that country, and not at the very outskirts. Along its WESTERN coasts, indeed, which are less visited by the English, most of the genuine characteristics of the people remain as they have been for centuries; but the NORTH is partly Scotch, and the EAST and greater part of the SOUTH are so much affected in their habits and modes of living by the mixture of English residents, that they are not to be regarded as among the purest specimens of Irish life.

Ireland contains thirty-two thousand two hundred and one square miles. This country was formerly divided into several different kingdoms, and though now united into one, and under the government of our sovereign, the names of four of the distinct kingdoms remain.

LEINSTER, in which is the city of Dublin, is one.

ULSTER, where, as I told you, there are many Scotch people, is another.

MUNSTER, quite to the South, is another.

And CONNAUGHT, to the North-west, is the fourth.

The poorer people all over Munster and Connaught speak Irish among themselves, and some cannot speak English at all; but in the other two Provinces most of them can speak English.

Those whom I now call the poorer people are not the beggars, but the labourers. Poor as the English day-labourer often is, the Irishman of like station is much poorer.

He lives chiefly on potatoes, and seldom sees bread.

He has very low wages; and yet, if he hires a small piece of land, or a cottage, must agree to pay high for it, because the numerous inhabitants make it hard to find cottages and bits of ground for all.

Some time ago, there lived in the West of Ireland a poor labourer and his wife, who had one little daughter, of the name of Norah.

Norah was a pretty child, but an English mother would have been very much ashamed to own her; for Norah had never yet put on a pair of shoes or stockings, and her little bare feet were hardened and blackened by the ground she trod on.

Norah's petticoat was red, and she had a little short gown over it; but the petticoat was slit and torn, and very short: Norah knew little of the use of the needle, though her mother had taught her to knit.

Norah wore a little red cloak also, with the hood over her head; and this was the best article of clothing she had, for it was new only the winter before.

But Norah's mother began to think it time her daughter should have a pair of shoes and stockings to go to mass in on Sundays; and she was promised that when the pig they were fattening was sold, and the rent paid, they would see what could be done to fit her out decently.

Norah would not have cared about the matter, except that she was a little vain, and knew she should be looked down upon if she still went to chapel with bare feet; as for the comfort of shoes and stockings, she said she was sure she should never wish for them except on Sundays, and, even then, she thought she should carry them in her hand till she came in sight of the chapel, and then sit down on a bank, and put them on.

Many an English child might wonder how it was that Norah's little feet were not cut to pieces; for it so happened that her mother's cottage stood at the bot-

tom of a mountain which travellers often climbed in search of curious plants or stones. The sides of the mountain were rough with stones and pieces of slate; and yet little Norah used to trip up and down its steep places, in order to show strangers the path; and sometimes she went up alone to pick up curious things, which she sold to visitors.

Her mother, though so poor, kept two cows—but *such* cows never were seen in England. All the land round was very, very poor; there was only here and there a bit of grass for them to feed on,—a little rushy, coarse grass,—so they used to stray a long way off in search of better food, and then Norah had to look for them and drive them home.

This was sometimes hard work—the poor creatures were so lean and weak that they often fell down; and then they were called '*lifters*,' because they could not get up without being lifted.

It was not that Norah's father and mother had worse cows than most of the neighbours, or that they treated them more hardly. It was that they could do no better; but even the little milk the poor creatures gave was a help to them, and made the potatoes eat with more relish.

The pig had a sty; and this is not always the case in Ireland, where he is sometimes driven at night into the room where the cottagers sleep, and eats his potatoes in the corner, just like a child of the family. But Norah's father was a tolerable hand at building a pig-stye. He raised the walls of turf with sods cut from the bog, and it was thatched with reeds mixed with here and there a sod also.

Thus the pig was provided for. But the hens and chickens were Norah's pets; and they were suffered to hop in and out of the cottage, to peck bits of potato off Norah's plate at dinner, and to roost on the rafters at the roof of the house.

The hens laid their eggs, just as Norah wished, in

nests at the corner of the room, or under the bed. And, when the chickens came out, it was only very surprising that they were not trodden upon, for there was not good light in the cottage, seeing that three out of the six panes of glass in the window were broken, and stuffed up with rags.

I must say that I never saw finer fowls. I believe chickens like a warm, close, sheltered place; and Norah fed them well: they had often a good share of her oatmeal porridge, and throve much better than the poor cows.

Twice in the year Norah's mother found time to go with her to the fair held at the market town of Westport, about eight miles distant. They then carried all they could spare for sale: sometimes six or seven chickens; some eggs: sometimes, but very rarely, a little butter, if the cow was in better condition than usual. If the pig was ready for sale, the good man went, driving the animal, having first tied a string round its leg. They were pretty sure to sell the creature; and, if the season was fitting, a young one or two was bought, and brought home to take its place in the sty.

It was a curious thing to meet the party going to Westport—Norah, her father and mother, and the pig. You might see them a long way off, for they had to cross the skirt of a very high mountain called the Reek, which is bare and boggy at the lower part.

Well might they keep some hold on the pig, since the path, though firm, was narrow, and on either side it was bounded for some way by the bog.

First, then, came the animal and his driver. Now, Norah's father was tall and thin, and wore a great-coat which had seen many years; he did not generally put his arms into the sleeves, but wore it fastened round his throat like a cloak. The button and button-hole had both given way so often that the coat was torn past mending at that part; and Norah had

sewed on a piece of tape, with which it was tied. But when Mr. Toole (that was his name) went to market or fair at Westport, he wished to be tighter than usual, and then he always put his arms into the sleeves.

Next came the mother. As Norah's petticoat was red, hers was green. She wore a short gown, also, and a cloak and handkerchief, pinned over her head;—no bonnet. She was a good-looking woman, with bright black eyes, plenty of black hair, and a dark complexion; but she walked a little lame, having been latterly touched by rheumatism.

The pig seemed to know his fate, and not to submit to it willingly. He sprang this way and that, as if on purpose to give as much trouble as possible. He did not improve his own looks or his master's either, by his fidgettings; for sometimes he sprang into a bog-hole, where there was a good sprinkling of red or black water, and, in getting him out, Mr. Toole was sorely splashed.

A bog is a very ugly thing to look at in winter, but in summer it is not always so. When the turf has not been very freshly cut, but is left for a while to grow, it is often covered with pretty flowers and tufts of green.

These tufts, however, are unsafe for the foot. They often cover soft fresh ground, and a very thin surface hides a deep hole full of water, into which, if the traveller sinks, it will probably prove fatal to him, unless aid is near at hand.

The Irish understand the ground, and know pretty well where they may tread. As for little Norah, she was as light as a fairy, and could spring from one step to another, leaving scarcely a trace where her small foot had been.

They were getting over, though slowly, this part of their way, when a stranger gentleman met, and stopped to question them about the path. Norah and

her mother curtseyed, and the father took off his hat, and tried to keep the pig quiet, while he spoke.

There is nowhere in the world where a stranger is more sure of a civil answer than in Ireland. Though ever so poor, the Irish are always kind to those who do nothing to provoke their anger; and, though I have travelled from one end of the country to another, I never had a churlish, brutal word said to me.

They never seem to mind trouble, but will put themselves out, in every way, to serve those who want them: nor is it a *rich* stranger only that shares their civility, for the meanest beggar is never spoken unkindly to, and is almost always relieved.

Mr. Toole would fain have gone back, in spite of all the trouble the pig had given him, to see the gentleman quite safely over the 'bad step,' as he called it; but the stranger would not hear of this; and then Norah's mother proposed that her little girl should run before him and show him the way, while she and her husband rested by the stile to which they were soon coming.

Norah seconded her mother so willingly, and turned round so promptly, that the gentleman could not refuse; so, thanking the people very kindly, he followed his little guide. Now this gentleman was a surgeon, lately come to the neighbourhood, who did not very well know his way to his poor patients, and was now on his road to visit a man in a fever on the other side the bog.

He could not help admiring Norah's light step, and now and then stopped to question her. He asked what she had got in her basket, and when she told him that she had eggs,—new-laid eggs,—he gave her a card with his name upon it, and told her where he lived in Westport, buying and paying for all the eggs then in her basket at the same time.

'Some people might say I was a fool,' said he, 'for paying for my goods when I do not know whether you

will carry them honestly home to my house,—but you do not look like a cheat, Norah.’

‘Thanks be to your honour,’ said Norah, dropping a curtsy, ‘for saying that same. I’ll be bound to find the house, and leave the eggs.’

‘And now tell me what those people are doing yonder,’ said the gentleman, pointing towards the lofty mountain which rose close to their right hand.

Norah turned her head, and then looked at the gentleman in much surprise—‘Sure,’ said she, ‘your honour knows.’

‘No, I do not, indeed. I am but lately come from England.’

‘Sure,’ said Norah, ‘it’s pilgrims going up the holy mountain.’

‘The holy mountain, is it?—why, holier than other mountains?’

‘And doesn’t your honour really know *that’s* Crow Patrick?’

‘Yes, I have heard it so called, as well as by its other name,—THE REEK. But what has that to do with it’s being holy?’

‘Why, every thing, sure. Then your honour has really never heard that *that’s* the place where St. Patrick drove all the wild beasts and venomous things, when he wanted to rid Ireland of them?’

‘And what did he do with them, Norah?’

‘Why, that I am not so sure about; but I believe, when he had got them all together, he drove them into the sea. But, if your honour wants to hear more, sure it’s the priest will tell ye far better nor I.’

The gentleman could not help smiling at Norah’s story, and then he again asked what the pilgrims were doing.

‘Doing penance, your honour.’

‘Penance, indeed! Why I do believe that man is climbing up the high steep mountain on his knees!’

‘O your honour, *that’s* nothing at all: sometimes

they go up so for five or six times running—and they fast all the time; and sometimes they turn round till my head is giddy with looking at them.’

‘Poor creatures!’

‘But, sir, they’ll be so happy after it all, and at peace with the priest and everybody. It’s a fine thing, going up Crow Patrick, for making a clean breast. They come all the way from Dublin for it.’

‘Well, Norah, I hope, if ever you do penance, it won’t be so hard a one.’

‘I shouldn’t mind it a bit, yer honour; and I believe the priest knows that: and is minded to give me a worse thing to do for him. But now we’re over the bog. I must go back to the father and mother. The blessing of the day be upon yer honour.’ And she dropped her curtsey, and, turning round, tripped off in the direction of Westport.

By the time Norah came up with her father and mother, they were well rested; but they would fain have had her sit down a few moments.

‘Not a minute, thank ye kindly, mother dear. The sun is getting high, and we’ll have no time to lose. I shall rest long enough in Westport, while father is in the fair.’

So on they went. A prettier place than Westport, when seen from any of the neighbouring hills, cannot easily be found. The town is very nicely built on the borders of a river which flows through a rich valley to the sea, at about the distance of a mile.

There is a public walk in the town bordered by two rows of lofty trees, by the side of which runs a little stream; and at a short distance are seen the fine woods and park of the Marquis of Sligo.

From the hills the eye takes in the view of the bay called Clew Bay, into which the river falls. Its blue waters are dotted with little green, woody islands; among which the fishermen’s boats ply merrily.

There are also larger vessels; for a great deal of the

corn grown in the neighbourhood is brought to Westport, and embarked in ships for exportation.

Westport, especially on a fair day, was thus a cheerful place; and, as the Irish of that day were a noisy, talking, drinking, and *fighting* people, there was always plenty of bustle.

Norah's mother did not much like her husband's coming alone to Westport. When he was out of the way of drink he was the best-natured man, and kindest husband—but whiskey made him half mad. For, as I have told you before, Father Mathew had not made his name known in Ireland at the time of this story. Never was such a thing heard of, till within a very few years, as a fair without drinking and fighting. The drink the Irish indulged in was worse for the constitution than beer and ale, being generally pure spirit. The whiskey was of the most fiery kind, which burnt up the stomach, and kindled the passions, and made madmen of the quietest and most good-humoured fellows.

Norah was well aware of the danger of her father's being persuaded to drink, and she managed him like a clever little girl as she was. She did not leave his side greater part of the day; and, as he was very fond of her, she found it easy to persuade him to go with her where she wished, and he never thought of taking her into a whiskey shop.

The pig was sold, and the eggs left at the Doctor's house, and the chickens and butter were also disposed off; but still there was something to do, for Toole had not bought a young porker in the place of the fat one, and was loth to go home without it.

He told his wife and Norah to wait a few minutes at the inn, while he looked round the fair once more.

'Stay, father dear,' said Norah, 'better give me the money bag first. The *boys* are getting tipsy, and perhaps you may get knocked down among them.'

'Take it, and welcome,' said her father, handing it

to her, 'but mind if I bring a fine pig you must be ready to pay.'

'That I will,' said Norah. 'And you'll not be gone long,' said the wife; 'it will be growing late, and I can't walk quick.'

Time slipped away, and still no Mr. Toole appeared. Norah's mother became very uneasy. The '*boys*,' as Norah called them, (though they were what we should call *men*,) had most of them been drinking, and began to quarrel.

The Irishman generally provides himself with a stout, knotty stick, which he calls his *shillelah*, before he goes to the fair, and though perhaps he has no intention of using it, except for defence, he is soon led to attack those who happen to give him the least possible cause of offence.

Mrs. Toole looked anxiously out of the door of the inn, and saw the sun getting low; and thought of the eight miles' walk, with perhaps a troublesome young pig to drive; and, as she looked, she sighed.

'Mother dear,' said Norah then, 'I don't think the boys would do me any harm, and perhaps, if I could get near father, and he not very tipsy, I could win him back. Do let me go and try.'

'Now that's a good little girl,' said the hostler at the inn, who stood by and had been interested by the anxiety of Norah. 'My advice to you, mistress, is to let her try. I'll go with her myself through the fair, and see no harm happens; but you know as well as I do that Toole's not the man to come for *my* speaking.' Mrs. Toole did not like the plan, but could think of nothing better, so she allowed Norah to go with the friendly hostler.

There was by this time a terrible noise in the streets. Men were hitting each other hard blows with their sticks, to the right and left; and it did not seem that they much cared on whom the strokes fell, so long as they did but hit hard.

However Norah slipped in among the crowd, looking anxiously every way for her father. At length she had the happiness to see him and to reach his side, at a very important moment.

He had bargained for the pig, and it was plain it had not been a *dry* bargain, for he walked unsteadily, and his face was flushed, and Norah saw him shake his stick at a man who seemed to have affronted him, and she guessed that things were ripe for a quarrel.

In a moment she was at his side, and slipped her hand into his. The sight of her changed the course of her father's ideas, and he suffered her to pay for the pig, and let her help him to drive it through a less frequented way, pointed out by the hostler, to the inn.

It was true he was very noisy, and talked a great deal of nonsense all the way home, and flourished his stick in great style, and drove the pig very strangely; but Norah had triumphed, and she knew he would soon recover. Still it showed he was not to be trusted, and this made her a little sorrowful.

However they all reached home that night in safety; and having slept off their fatigue, found themselves in possession of enough money to pay the rent, besides having bought several articles which they very much wanted, and among the rest, what I should have mentioned before, a pair of shoes and stockings for Norah.

All this proves that it was a good season with the Tooles; and yet if an English cottager had looked in upon them, he would have thought them very poorly off.

Instead of the nice brick floors which we so often see in English cottages, he would have seen only a coating of clay, very uneven and dirty-looking—the walls never whitewashed, and the chimney so badly built, that it was hardly ever they could have a fire without as much smoke coming into the room as went up the chimney.

There was nothing of ornament, except a little picture of the Virgin, and another of St. Patrick, both of them very smoky, and a very little bit of looking-glass, at which the good woman settled her cap. There was a closet at one end of the room, where the milk-pail and milk-pans stood—the meal-hutch too was there.

There was also a sort of screen at one end, formed by an old counterpane; within this, Norah had lately asked to have her little straw bed, and her mother did not gainsay her, though it was not much the custom in an Irish cottage, which very often has but one room for the whole family, and no partition.

Poor Norah! she had very little learning, and knew no more of her Bible than the priest taught her, but she was a thoughtful child, and had made out many more things for herself than her father and mother knew of.

Besides, the priest was really a good, kind man, and all she learnt of her duty from him was suited to her age and capacity. He not only taught her prayers, but taught her to pray; and young as she was, she *did* pray.

What would surprise an Englishman more than anything perhaps, was to see the numbers of people who constantly knocked at the cottage door to ask for charity; and what is still more strange, to see that none were ever refused.

Women with children at their backs and hanging on their arms; old maimed soldiers and sailors; beggars of all sorts and sizes, used to go to Toole's door and ask for alms, just as if he had been a rich man.

Money, to be sure, was not given them; but if there was a handful of meal in the hutch, or a drink of milk in the pan, or a potato in the corner or the bowl, it was given, and given with a blessing too.

The reason why the beggars go to the poor and the small farmers is, because there are not many rich

gentlemen living in the country in Ireland. English noblemen have many large fine estates there, but they reside in England, and there is only an agent or steward to manage the property and get the rents.

Many of the Irish landlords are very kindly disposed and make handsome presents to the poor on their estates; but they do not see the beggars, and not living on the spot, they have no idea how much it takes to relieve them.

It is very true that there is now a poor law in Ireland; and large workhouses have been built; this also was not the case till within a short time, yet even now the beggars are not the fewer. The habit of giving to all who ask remains nearly the same, and it is thought an irreligious and awful thing to refuse. No one can bear the idea of having a beggar's curse—very many, no doubt, of those who regularly wandered on the business of begging through the country, have since been relieved by the Poor Law Act; but so great is the increase of numbers, in proportion to the increase of the employment by which these numbers might earn support, that as fast as the workhouses fill with one set of beggars, their places are supplied by fresh ones*.

One evening towards the autumn of the year, on which the expedition to Westport we have been mentioning took place, there came a party of travellers up to Toole's door: a man, a woman, and two girls. It was a stormy, threatening night. There was no moon, and no house within a mile of Toole's. One of the girls was very ill, and the poor people sat down by the threshold of the door, and seemed so weary and foot-sore that the cottagers' hearts bled for them.

'Poor craturs, poor craturs!' said Toole, 'what will I do for ye!'

* See a pamphlet on *The Real Monster Evil of Ireland*. By A. G. Stapleton, Esq.

'Oh! for the love of Heaven let this poor, sick child lie down yonder in the corner,' said the woman. 'I would not ask it for myself, but she'll die if she has not a rest to-night—sure all I ask is a little straw for her to sleep on.' They could not deny this, and the sick girl was admitted. All night long she was talking or rather raving, and it was plain she was growing worse. In the morning, when Norah's mother went to her, she saw in a moment it was the fever.

The fever, in Ireland, is an object of great dread, as well it may be. It is generally brought on by poor living; and, as few of the peasants can get strengthening things, it is only wonderful how they ever recover.

They often lie ill for many weeks together, and even when the fever is gone, they have no more strength left than a babe.

Toole and his wife felt that a heavy trial was now come upon them; yet neither repented for an instant the deed of charity they had done; only, when they looked first at their child and then at the poor sick girl, they could not help muttering 'God help us! What shall we do if *she* should take the fever?'

Then there was another serious difficulty. They could not turn away the father and mother and sister. It would not be in human nature to prevent them watching over their sick child: but how were they to be maintained?

All this time they had asked no questions about their visitors: they saw that the father of the two girls was a decent man, who had doubtless seen better days. They knew that his name was Ryan, that he came from a considerable distance, and had fallen under heavy afflictions; but no doubts and no curiosity was expressed about them any farther than their situation necessarily called forth.

Ryan went out to beg every day; but the days were shortening, and houses were few and far apart. It

took him greater part of the day to go a round which, after all, brought in a trifling degree of help.

For a week, however, they went on as well as they could. Not a look, not a word, told the beggars they were unwelcome. Norah boiled the gruel and tried to tempt the sick girl to eat.

If she woke in the night and called for drink, Norah was up and gave it to her. She obeyed her mother so far as not to go close to the bed-side, and draw in the feverish breath; but she pushed the cup of gruel or broth to the hand of the patient whenever it was wanted.

At the end of the week, very small progress had been made. There were constant outgoings and little coming in. The poor travellers were, perhaps, the most to be pitied, for they were really beggars from necessity; and they were quite aware what a burden they must be to Toole and his wife.

‘Ryan,’ said the traveller’s wife one morning to him, ‘did ye mind the hungry look Toole gave to the potatoes last night? God pardon us, but I doubt, I doubt, we’re eating him out of house and home; and what *will* be done then? Oh! what *will* we do?’

‘I know what I’ll do, and that presently,’ said Ryan, springing up from the straw. ‘I’ll go off to Westport. May be I can get one of the doctors to come up and see Mary, and speak for her, poor lassie, at the infirmary.’

‘Oh Ryan, sure they’ll never be coming, troubling themselves so far, and we beggars.’

‘I’ll try,’ said Ryan.

‘Won’t you speak first to Toole?’

‘No—may be he would say it’s no use, and I want to try at any rate.’

Ryan would not wait to eat any breakfast, but went off as soon as it was well light. No questions were asked, for it was supposed he was gone on his usual rounds. But his wife observed that Toole looked ill

and haggard. He went out to work in the little garden, but soon came in and sat down on the low stool by the chimney, saying, that his head ached.

Mrs. Ryan looked hard at him, and then she turned away her head, and in spite of all her efforts, she burst into a flood of tears.

‘What ails the woman now?’ said Mrs. Toole, hastily, ‘is the poor sick thing worse?’ But Ryan’s wife could not say one word: and where would have been the use of frightening the good, kind woman with the thoughts of trouble a moment before the time. In her own mind, she was sure Toole had caught the fever.

Meanwhile Ryan got to Westport. He was a stranger there, but he asked at the inn the character of the Westport doctors; and all advised him to go to the new English doctor, who was so kind to the poor, and a *raal* gentleman.

He was not slow to follow this advice. He was kindly received by Mr. Grant, the same gentleman who had taken Norah for a guide across the bog, last Westport fair day; and the surgeon ordered his horse, and taking with him some medicine, made the best of his way, guided by Ryan, to Toole’s cottage.

He at once recollected little Norah, her father, and mother, and great was their joy to see the strange gentleman again. He looked at the patient, gave her medicine, but shook his head when they talked anxiously of the infirmary.

‘My poor people, you are mistaken; patients in fevers are not taken in there, and we have no fever hospital in Westport. All we can do is to give you medicine from the dispensary; but I wish you could get nearer me; eight miles is a long stretch, over the bog too. I shall not be able to see this sick girl so often as I wish.’

‘Oh never heed that, sir,’ said the mother, ‘she is young and may struggle through. May I speak to your

honour?' And she drew him aside, and told the surgeon her fears about Toole.

'And now,' said she, 'if it be so, and he should die, does your honour think Ryan or I could ever bear the looks of *them* there—(pointing to those within)—they that have nursed us, and tendered us, and sheltered us, and fed us, when it's my belief they have scarce enough to eat themselves, and we to have brought this trouble upon them!'

The lower Irish are very violent in their feelings, and this poor woman was like the rest, loud and passionate in the expression of her grief.

Mr. Grant, much touched himself, did what he could to comfort her. He reminded her that Providence sometimes *compels* us to bring trials on our fellow-creatures; and that as it did not appear she had been in the smallest degree aware of the nature of her child's illness, she could not blame herself if *that* had happened which she feared.

Best of all, he promised, if it should be so, that he would spare no pains to make Toole's case known to the benevolent, that he might have every help and comfort, should it please God to afflict him with this illness.

It was indeed as the poor woman feared—and the next day, for Mr. Grant was particularly anxious to come the next day, the fever ran high with Norah's father. And Ryan himself was ill, and Toole's wife also, and soon there were *four* patients for Norah and Mrs. Ryan and her youngest girl to soothe and tend, all ill of the same cruel disease.

What would they have done in that fearful time of sorrow without the good surgeon, and their worthy priest? The English clergyman also, at Westport, though he lived so far from them, and though he knew them to be Catholics, often went with Mr. Grant to visit them, and carry them every comfort it was in his power to bestow.

It is but too seldom that the priest and the clergyman in Ireland can meet as friends; but both of these were good men, only anxious to follow the steps of their blessed Redeemer. And the priest did not do like too many others, forbid his flock to join in the clergyman's prayers; neither did the clergyman speak evil of the priest.

Day and night went and came, came and went, for several weeks, and still there was sickness in that house. The girl who had brought the fever was fast recovering, though weak as a child; and Mr. Grant began to say that in a few days he should think her free from the danger of giving infection, and a fit subject for the infirmary, where she would recover her strength much more rapidly than in this close cottage.

But the three other patients were still very ill; and the colour had left Norah's cheeks, and she was well nigh worn out with watching. Mrs. Ryan, if she had been the means of bringing the sickness among them, was an excellent help in nursing, and ill could Norah have gone through it without her.

She had, also, a very kind friend in the wife of the nearest cottar, who, though she lived a mile off, never missed coming one part of the day to milk the cows, and lend what other help she could.

Thus did these poor Irish help one another. And Mr. Grant used to say that he wished the lords of the land could but read the lessons of patience and love that were to be learnt in that poor cabin.

Young as Norah was, she had been too well used to know how affairs went with her father and mother, not to see that it could be only by great mercy if they were not utterly ruined by this illness. She could not fancy any other lot for her parents, if their lives were spared, than that of wandering beggars, like those they had taken in.

Norah found it hard to bear this, and often when Mrs. Ryan had sent her, for an hour or two, to her

little bed, she spent that hour in crying and not in sleep.

But sometimes her heart found its best relief in prayer: and then her repose was sweet, in spite of all outward trouble and care, and she was enabled to rise on the morrow fresh armed with strength for her work.

By degrees, but very slowly, her father and mother began to regain their strength. Ryan and his girls were also now much better, and began to resume their miserable occupation of begging. It made Norah's heart ache to see them, poor things, setting out early in the morning, their yet trembling limbs scarce supporting them on their way.

There was no reason for their remaining in this neighbourhood, except that Mrs. Ryan could not bear to go while Norah wanted help in nursing; but now this part of the business was pretty well over, it was to be hoped, and Norah observed preparations as if for departure.

One evening when Ryan came home from his round very tired, he showed Norah his bag pretty well filled with potatoes, and he also exhibited some half-pence which had been given him. It was agreed that they should all eat their meal together, in the room in which they had passed so many sick and sorrowful days.

Nobody said those words, 'the *last* meal;' nobody talked of taking leave; but their hearts were all full. It was quite understood by all but Toole that they were going, and might never meet again. There were sidelong, affectionate looks cast upon the poor people who had sheltered them so long, and many a muttered blessing fell from their lips.

Norah's spirits were much overclouded this evening. Mrs. Ryan had been a great comfort to her, and she had a dread of coming trouble which she could not repress. The Ryans thought of this, too; they knew

quite well that the Tooles were poverty-stricken, and foresaw all the difficulties coming upon them. More than once during the meal tears ran down the wife's cheeks.

'Miss Norah, my dear,' said she beckoning Norah aside, 'He above only knows what's in store for us. I fear trouble's over us both; and 'tis not for a poor creature like me to be dreaming of helping ye: but tell me only, is there any place in Ireland's whole country where ye have a friend that ye want to speak to, and I'll find him for ye, if he's above ground.'

Norah shook her head.

'Father had a cousin once,' said she, 'somewhere in the South—Glenbegh they call it.'

'Is it Glenbegh? Don't I know the place as well as I know Westport. Aye, and have a right to know it better too, seeing I was born and bred within two miles of it. Glenbegh, in Kerry, ye mean?'

'The same.'

'And what was the cousin's name?'

'Owen Grady. And he used to have land and all plenty; but we have not heard of him this many a day.'

'Never mind, I'll make him out, and tell him all about ye; and if he's worth anything, I'll never tire with beseeching him; for it's no use deceiving me, Norah, dear, I know ye are hard pressed, and likely to be worse.'

'May be you're right, Mrs. Ryan,' said Norah; 'but the landlord is not a bad man; and if my father do but get well and strong, we may get round yet; only I don't see how we are to pay Mr. Grant.'

'Bless him—he will wait a while, I'm certain. But now, Miss Norah, mind what I say to you—don't you put away your own share of potatoes, as I saw you do this evening, any more; don't, dear. If you don't eat, how should you get through the task that's before ye?'

Norah turned even paler than she was before: the truth is, she *was* very weak; and had, indeed, stinted herself on her parents' account. She could not tell Mrs. Ryan that there was but one more bushel of potatoes left, and no money to buy more, unless the cow were sold.

It was under these circumstances that they parted for the night: and very early in the morning, before daylight indeed, Norah heard the door of the outhouse open, and saw them all making their departure; she could not get up to bid them good-bye. She laid her head down on the pillow again, and wept bitterly.

But better thoughts soon came: she rose and prepared breakfast for her father and mother, and milked the poor half-starved cow.

Toole said he was better, and wished to try to walk a little way. The sun was shining brightly, and the air, though early in March, was warm. He found it pleasant; then came in for his spade; said he should like to prepare the ground for potatoes.

He soon, however, came in tired and peevish, and threw his hat down on a chair, complaining he had no more strength than a child.

'Take heart, father dear,' said Norah, 'here's a sup of butter-milk, and a beautiful potato: you're tired quite, but never heed, the strength will come in time.'

'So you told me a week ago, child, and yet you see I'm no nearer. I'm quite tired of hearing people say, "take heart," and "take heart." That's just what Mr. Grant always says, and all the while he won't let one have the thing that gives comfort. If I had but a drop of the *cratur* now!'

Anything but that, Norah had resolved; but she dared not tell him so. Mr. Grant had strictly charged her not to let her father have any whiskey. He knew that in his present weak state, it would probably be

the means of entirely fixing upon him and his family the curse and misery of habitual drunkenness. He tried to impress upon Norah, the desirableness of giving him a little nourishing soup.

Alas! this was a difficult thing to achieve. In the first place, meat was dear, and not to be had nearer than Westport; and, if it had, Norah was totally ignorant of the best way of managing it; and not till Mr. Grant kindly gave her instructions, one day when he brought a piece of beef with him, had she any idea of the process. Then when it was made, her father did not particularly like it; but still asked for whiskey.

Another week passed away—there were changes of weather, such as March usually brings. And rheumatism followed upon her father's fever. Nothing was heard of the Ryans, or of Glenbegh.

The potatoes meanwhile were finished—even those destined for planting—and there was no possibility of making out without selling the cow. This Toole clearly saw; and, therefore, a neighbour drove it for him to Westport, and brought home the poor produce—seven pounds, now Toole's only wealth, which was to be laid out on potatoes both for present and future use.

It was a melancholy spring; the very fowls seemed to droop and die. Norah had reckoned on a brood of early chickens; but only four were hatched, and of these one died. One of her hens, however, laid regularly, and she could now and then give her father and mother an egg: though, in general, the same neighbour who sold the cow for her, took the eggs to market for her and brought meal instead.

When May came, nothing improved but the weather and Toole's health, though still he was often ailing.

He said, however, that, poorly as he was, he should try and get a lift to Dublin, and go over to England to earn a trifle in hay-making.

Norah and his wife trembled to hear him talk of this. It seemed to them all but impossible that he should go through such a journey. One thing they at all events resolved upon: they would go with him as far as they could, begging by the way.

Norah had frequently told her mother that she would rather die than be a beggar; but she was now subdued, as so many of the poor Irish are subdued. She saw no possible remedy: she had tried all round Westport to procure employment, but in vain; and she and her mother must live while her father was away. Yes, they must bear it—they must learn to beg.

They left their cottage one fine May morning. The place was made as tidy as it could be. A neighbour had kindly taken in Norah's fowls, and the potatoes would grow on just as if they were there. The key was left in the thatch, for there was no fear of any robbers.

Two or three kind people came round them to bid them good-bye. It was not said they were going to beg. They were spoken to as if it was a journey—a pilgrimage, perhaps, to Lough Derg, or some such thing. Nobody asked any questions,—but every body guessed how it was.

The first day they had, happily, no occasion to beg—there was food enough left for their dinner and supper; and it was a grand point to get farther from home before they begun.

They sheltered that night in a farmer's barn, and, being tired, slept tolerably well. The next day came the trial.

How to begin begging was the difficulty, and who was to do it? All shrunk from the task. At length it fell upon Norah.

A farm house presented itself to their eyes about dinner time, and Toole made a sign to her to lift the latch of the door. Norah did so, timidly; and was

ready to sink when she saw a large party of men assembled, and only one cross-looking woman.

They roughly asked her what she wanted. She could not speak; but held out her hand, pointing to her father and mother. Instantly the claim was admitted. Many a hard horny hand was stretched out, and a plentiful meal of potatoes rained into Norah's wallet.

Not a word of blessing could Norah utter: she leant back against the door, and a flood of tears came to her relief.

The cross-looking woman started up, brushing a tear from her eye. 'Oh, and it's plain,' said she, 'poor cratur, that you're new to the trade; and the father and the mother too—they have been more used to give to the beggar, one may see, than to ask themselves.'

'True,—true for you,' said Toole; but he did not tell whence he came, or excite compassion by the history of his illness; and these people were much too delicate to ask.

'Well, come in, poor souls, and eat with a roof over ye,' said the woman again: 'nay don't be fearful, it's a pleasure to help ye a bit, and I wish with all my heart I could give ye more.'

Toole, however, declined entering the house, and retired to a fine spreading tree near at hand, where he, and his wife, and Norah ate their potatoes, to which was added a plentiful meal of milk.

They then proceeded on their way very thankfully; and lodged again in a barn or out-house. So it was they proceeded the whole way to Dublin—received, indeed, with various degrees of kindness, but never driven away, never roughly and harshly treated; yet not learning one whit the more to like the beggar's life.

At length they reached Dublin, the capital of Ireland, which is about a hundred and twenty-seven miles, by the most direct road, from Westport.

Then Norah and her mother for the first time saw this handsome city, with all its beautiful buildings, its bustle, its mixture of finery and beggary, and its numerous charitable institutions.

Toole could not stay to go about with them. He took his passage the very night they arrived, to Liverpool, by a steam-packet, already half full of Irish hay-makers. He was sorry enough to part with his wife and Norah, but he promised them that, if it pleased God to give him strength to earn a little money in England, he would come back as soon as possible, and hoped to meet them in their own cabin in July.

Norah did not like remaining in Dublin. It was melancholy work, walking about in the streets, or suburbs, and then going at night to a house of shelter to sleep. She and her mother got a little work to do for a few days, but it was soon over—there seemed nothing to be done but to go back to Westport again.

They could not help sometimes giving a look out for the Ryans, who might perhaps be among the thousand beggars round them. One day, while gazing on the carriages with company going to the Castle where the Lord Lieutenant was holding a court, Norah saw, at a little distance, some one whom she was nearly positive was Ryan himself; but the crowd was so thick that she could in no way get at him. Another time she was nearly sure; but then, too, something interposed, and she could not be sure that he had seen her.

At length, one night, when retiring to that place of shelter for the houseless, where the decent appearance of Mrs. Toole and her daughter had excited some interest, they were told that a man, and his wife, and two daughters, had been inquiring, whether such people as the Tooles described themselves to be, had been seen or heard of there.

They had been told all that was known of them,

and had begged to be allowed to call early next morning; but they were not beggars, the matron said, but very respectable, well-dressed people: and this puzzled Norah and her mother.

However they determined to wait the next morning and see: and then, indeed, to their infinite joy, it proved that these *were* their old acquaintances. But what *could* have wrought such a change in their appearance?

This was soon explained. 'No wonder ye are surprised,' said Mrs. Ryan, after the first burst of greetings had subsided; 'I never told you what made us beggars. Our sorrows were hard to bear, but I could still less bear to talk of the better days we had seen.'

'Ryan had held a farm near Kenmare; not very far from that same Glenbegh that we spoke of (how my heart warmed towards the sound when I heard it!) Well, we had everything plenty, as long as our old landlord lived, and a promise that the lease should be renewed. But the good man died, and his son was in England, and the steward wanted the farm for a friend of his own. He never minded the promise, but, as soon as ever the old lease was out, he turned us off, and all the improvements Ryan had made went for nothing.'

'This was a terrible blow. We took another small farm, but nothing went well with us there. We lost so much by the suddenness of our turn-out, that we never could get over it. It was a bad year for the stock, and, from one thing to another, we lost everything. We could not bear to beg in the place where we had been known so long; so we came up into Mayo, and we had been asking charity for good part of the summer, when the poor girl fell ill.'

'Well, you shall soon hear the rest. The day you parted with us, we went down to Westport, and there, who should we meet, but one who knew and remem-

bered Ryan and me, and the moment he saw us, he gave a shout, and told us we were the persons he wished to see.

‘He said, the old landlord’s son was come over, and had heard from the neighbours how badly the agent had served us. Every one had a good word to say of Ryan, and the clergyman and the squire bore witness it was all true.

‘So then the young gentleman was very sorry we had been turned away, and not liking the new tenant, sent out word that if Ryan could be found he should have his land again; and have it for a year without rent.

‘I did not dare tell Ryan all this, seeing he was so ill; but I gave him notice that I was going home to Galway, to see if I could hear any good there: and he guessed I had heard what was cheerful.

‘Well, when we got to our old farm, my heart was like to die away within me; and I thought, How can I ever have the luck to live there again!

‘But my spirit rose when I thought of the landlord, and of the bit of paper I still kept about me, whereon was the promise I told you of, written down. The agent would fain have wheedled Ryan out of it; but he never would let him have it in his own hand.

‘Well, I went to the young landlord, and told him who we were, and showed him the paper; and he saw it all as plain as daylight. “So, Mrs. Ryan,” says he, “I’m very sorry you have suffered such distress, and I’ll do my best to make it up to ye. The farm is ready, and the house cleared, and you shall live the year in it without rent.”

‘Kind it was in him, wasn’t it? but still he saw I looked down. “What is it, Mrs. Ryan?” says he; “perhaps you may be in want of a little money to stock the farm?”

‘That was the true thought that was in my mind, sure enough. “Well,” says he, “I’ve no objection to lend you a small sum to begin with; and your pasture

is pretty good, you shall keep two of my cows for me, and have the milk the first year."

'*That* was very kind, too, but neither would that have made my mind easy. But oh! to think of it—while I was looking in and out, and speaking to old neighbours that had all a welcome for me, up comes one and says, "Mrs. Ryan, there's money lying for ye at Squire Geary's, in Kenmare. Don't ye know your old uncle is dead, and has left ye something handsome?"

'Oh! then I thought I should have dropt. It wasn't that I was glad he was gone, though he had never in his life done anything for me, nor ever (that I could learn) for anybody else living; but as the money must go somewhere, what a blessing it was that it came to us just then in our need.

'You may guess I went quick to Kenmare. And it was all true; Squire Geary had the will, and knew where the money was—a good two hundred pounds. Enough to set us quite straight and comfortable again. But all this while I'm talking of myself, and ye want to know whether we ever thought more of the cousin ye told me of.

'Indeed, and we did; and Ryan and I went to Glenbegh as soon as ever we could: and only that we were forced to come to Dublin, about the lawyers and the will, or ye would have heard all about it before now. And sure there's a letter for ye somewhere from the cousin.'

'Somewhere!' exclaimed Mrs. Toole, 'where can that be?'

'Why,' said Ryan, 'I take it 'tis now lying down at Westport; and never should I have dreamt of coming to look for ye here, but only that as I was coming from the lawyer's yesterday, who should I fall upon but Mr. Grant, the doctor.

'You may be sure I asked him about ye; and then he told me of your flitting; and he said very likely ye

were here in Dublin, and I never ceased looking from that hour to this, and glad we are to have found *yees*.'

'But the letter! what shall we do for want of the letter?'

'Oh! never mind that, seeing we know all that's in it. Owen Grady's a civil good man, I can tell ye, as ye'll find when ye get to the *nate* cabin he tells ye of.'

'What can ye mean?'

'Why, no more nor less than this—there's a *nate* cabin and a pretty bit of land and beautiful place for a cow all ready waiting for you at Glenbegh; and a hearty welcome, too. And a beautiful estate it is, far, far different to what it was in my time.'

'But you don't tell Norah what Owen Grady said, straight-forward,' said his wife.

'Well, then, I will. Now, you shall know it all. You must know, wife and I had not been at Glenbegh since we married, eighteen years ago: and it used to be a sad place for the poor, though them that was born there loved it, as is natural; but it was like nothing I suppose in all Ireland.

'All the robbers, and murderers, and rebels, used to go there, and by no means could one ever be got hold of; for there they were, shut in between the mountains and the sea, and the deep glens and holes in the rocks were a cover for them.

'Not a soldier did they ever let to cross the pass that led into their country. And they built their cabins on the cliff, that they might have a good chance of wrecks. Many a tall ship has gone down in sight of that shore, and the goods that were washed on the sands were for the people of Glenbegh.

'They used to quarrel shockingly among themselves. My own father, who was the decentest man among them, had many times a narrow escape with his life.

'I was not reared there, for one of the coast guard took a liking to me, and tempted me to go with him

to Kenmare, to a brother of his that was a farmer: and he was kind and got me a sarvice; and then I saved money, and hired my little farm: but I loved *her* (pointing to his wife), and could not bear to leave her among the wild people at Glenbegh.

‘So in due time I went and fetched her; but we did not care to go any more afterwards, for my father died, and Rosa was an orphan, and had none to mind her, and it was getting an ill name to go to Glenbegh.

‘After a while, news came that great improvements were going on in the old places; which we were both glad to hear; but we were then too busy to go. I am not sorry now, for what I saw lately was so much the more wonderful.

‘You never saw such roads as there used to be. One of them used to wind round the steep side of the cliff, and it was too narrow and rugged for a car; only a packhorse could travel along it. Indeed, there was but one car in all Glenbegh.

‘Now there is a fine noble road broad enough for three carriages abreast, and the mail coach runs along it; and every farmer has his car. There are near two hundred nice, new houses scattered about; and a beautiful chapel and school.

‘Instead of meeting none but ruffians, you now see orderly, industrious, civil people. Instead of looking upon nothing but bog, there are thousands of acres of corn growing. The cattle are a fine healthy breed, and Glenbegh is a land of peace and plenty, as compared with many parts of the country.

‘Well, I was, as you may suppose, surprised at all this, and could not make out how it was managed; but on we went, passing from one decent farm to another, till we got to Owen Grady’s, one of the nicest of all. When we got to the door, the master himself came out to speak to us. He is a kind of agent for my lord, and thought we were come to hire land.

'Says I, "Mr. Grady, I've lately been with some relations of yours." At first he did not like the beginning, for when a man is well to do in the world, and has neither wife nor children, relations are apt to come about him that are no kindred at all.

'So he said, rather stiffly, "How did you know that I *had* any relations?" When I found he was apt to question me, I made no scruple of telling him all I had to say about ye, and my wife helped me out when I faltered; for it was not easy to tell the whole of all your kindness to me and mine, and one tongue could hardly manage it.

'Owen Grady wiped his eyes more than once during the story. "These Tooles," said he, at last, "seem kind, good people, by your account, Mr. Ryan: do you think they would like to change their residence, and come and live at Glenbegh?"

"I'll be bound they would have no objection," said I, for I thought what a blessed change it would be from your own mud cabin, by the Reek, to one of those beautiful houses by Castlemain Bay; and I looked at the fine cows and the good grazing land.

"If you think so," said he, "and if Toole's wife and daughter are good dairy-women, I'll speak to my lord this very night. They have a little lodge down in the valley yonder, and they were asking me about a dairy-woman. One *should* help one's kindred when one can."

'So with that, I left him; but I stayed that night at Glenbegh, and the next morning saw him again;—and he had been as good as his word: and read me the letter my lord had given him leave to write, saying, that if Toole and his family were industrious people, well-behaved, and willing, his lordship said, to agree to the terms he offered them, he was willing to put them into the lodge—and that's the tidings, Miss Norah, ye should have had before ever ye left home.'

The news was indeed happy beyond all reasonable expectation; but the mortifying circumstance was, that Toole should be gone before it arrived. It was very unlikely that they should hear of him before his return, and provoking that he should have a long journey to Westport in vain.

They only knew that he had proposed going into Staffordshire, with a party of other labourers; but many things might have occurred to prevent his doing what he had intended. Meantime they must take advantage of their kinsman's kindness without delay.

Most happily for them, Mr. Grant was still in town, and Ryan knew where he was to be found. He behaved in the kindest manner; promised to apprise their neighbours of the change in their fortunes, and to dispose of their little furniture and stock for them; also to be on the watch for Toole's return.

A better chance than this was the probability, that some labourers from Dublin, who had gone like himself to seek for work in England, would bring him back in their company, and that thus he might be stopped on his way to Mayo, and directed to Glenbegh.

And now you are to fancy Norah and her mother on their way to a new habitation. You have not, I trust, forgotten that Ireland is divided into four parts, Connaught, Munster, Leinster, and Ulster.

Mayo, where the Tooles lived at first, is in Connaught: but the county of Kerry, to which they were now going, is in Munster. Connaught is to the north-west, Munster to the south-west.

In order to reach Glenbegh, they had to pass through some very fine towns, and beautiful country. They travelled with the Ryans in a large public car greater part of the way; for Ryan insisted on paying their expenses, saying that he knew it was in the letter that Mr. Owen Grady would pay, and he could fully trust to his honour to repay him.

They went to Wexford, and Waterford, and Clonmell, then they proceeded to Mallow, and thence crossed the country direct to Killarney; but here they were obliged to separate from the Ryans, whose route to Kenmare lay lower down to the south, whereas the Toolles had to proceed someway in a northerly direction towards Castlemain Bay.

This is not the place for a description of all the fine scenery they passed through—the lofty mountains, the beautiful lakes at Killarney, and almost forty miles of fine coasting, along the shores of the great Atlantic Ocean, where it breaks upon the high lands, or runs up into rivers, and lakes, and bays.

It was a beautiful journey; but one may easily conceive that Norah and her mother thought most of the end of it; and as they drew near Glenbegh, were very impatient to know what reception they should meet with from their kinsman.

Ryan had sent on a car and guide from Killarney with them, with every direction for their comfort and safety. The guide was civil, and pointed out everything worth their notice. At length they entered Glenbegh.

The whole of this tract is very fine and striking scenery. The steep hills rise from the sea; and there is a noble road winding round them; there are sheltered spots, however, and a large tract of ground which was but lately a bog, is now fertile and rich in crops.

All this has been done by the perseverance of one Irish landlord, who has spared no pains to improve the condition of the people.

He has reclaimed the bog by pouring upon it large quantities of sea-sand, which corrects the soil and makes it fit to bear crops. He has then let it out to the people at a low rent; building them comfortable houses, and occasionally lending them money for improvements. He has discouraged all the disorderly

practices which had crept in among them, and has endeavoured to raise the character of the people, in which effort he has proved very successful.

The pleasant cottages and farm-houses of this district are quite an enviable spectacle; and Norah could not enough express her admiration. She thought to herself, if she were so fortunate as to live there, she would not turn it into a pig-stye, as too many Irish would do. She would keep the rooms so as to be a credit to herself and the landlord too.

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, the car stopped, and it proved to be at Mr. Owen Grady's door; a respectable woman, his housekeeper, came out to receive them, and, soon after, the farmer himself made his appearance.

He looked, at first, a little doubtful; wondered they had not answered his letter; then looked at a letter from Ryan, and another from Mr. Grant, which they brought with them, in which they were well spoken of and recommended to his kindness. Matters at least were sufficiently advanced for him to dismiss the car and driver, and order his housekeeper to show them their room.

In the course of the evening, and the next day, he found time to be very much pleased with the good sense, observation, and quickness of Norah. He saw she was one who merely wanted to be placed in favourable circumstances, and that she would be a useful, valuable person in the district. He did not at all repent of his invitation.

The next day he found reason to be still better pleased. His housekeeper reported her to be a good, handy, clever girl, and Mrs. Toole a very respectable woman, and one who understood a dairy well. So Mr. Grady resolved in earnest to give them a helping hand, and set them off in a favourable way.

Though Norah had mended her clothes as well as she could, and though she had taken great pains to

reconcile herself to shoes and stockings, which she knew *must* be worn at Glenbegh, she was very meanly and scantily dressed; and Mr. Grady gave directions to his housekeeper, to procure her and her mother everything they wanted to make them comfortable. These things were brought from the nearest town.

Then they were taken to the lodge which they were in future to inhabit. Such a pretty spot it was—an opening in the hills, sheltered by trees from the sea, and with fine green meadows before it, and joining near at hand to a park with noble woods.

Everything was neat and nice at the lodge. There were the kitchen, and dairy, and two sleeping-rooms, and a little parlour beside, in which a meal was sometimes spread for strangers who visited the place out of curiosity, and were glad to have a hot potatoe added to their store of cold provisions.

Norah and her mother looked round and could scarce believe this was all for *them*—but it was; and there were the cows they were to milk and take care of, grazing in the meadow, and a boy to watch them.

To bring a long story to an end. There they lived, and there they enjoyed many happy years. Toole, in due time, found his way to them, and was delighted, as he well might. He found strength and courage to dig his new garden, and tend the cattle, and was never know to care for whiskey, when he had plenty of good food every day.

Norah did not remain single long. In Ireland this was little likely to happen, for one of the greatest evils of the country is the improvidence of the young people, who have no idea of waiting till they have a reasonable chance of surrounding themselves with a few necessary comforts, or of providing for a family.

However, the people of Glenbegh having of late been accustomed to rather a better style of living than prevails in many parts of Ireland, were becoming a little more particular in this point also, and it was

less customary now for a farmer's son to choose his wife while he was yet no more than a boy, and marry her, as they said, 'out of hand.'

Norah's husband was a youth of some prudence, and he showed his sense by telling her from the first of his seeking her company, that if she could wait and be true to him for two years, he should prefer her to all the girls in Glenbegh; but if she liked any one else better meanwhile, he would not hinder her.

Norah pondered the matter, and found no one so likely to make her a kind and faithful helpmate. She willingly agreed to wait the two years, and they passed quicker than either party expected, while each was fully and usefully employed, and they had little idle time on their hands. At the end of the time they had saved enough to begin comfortably, and I believe a more thrifty and better ordered household than theirs is not to be seen in any corner of Ireland.

'Wife,' said Toole one day to his dame, 'have ye noted down the day the Ryans first came begging to our door? *That* was the beggar's blessing they gave us, sure enough; for with all the evil that seemed to come with 'em, nothing but good has followed at last. Well, if my house were but as big as my heart, I'd take in all the beggars in Ireland, and never fear poverty neither.'

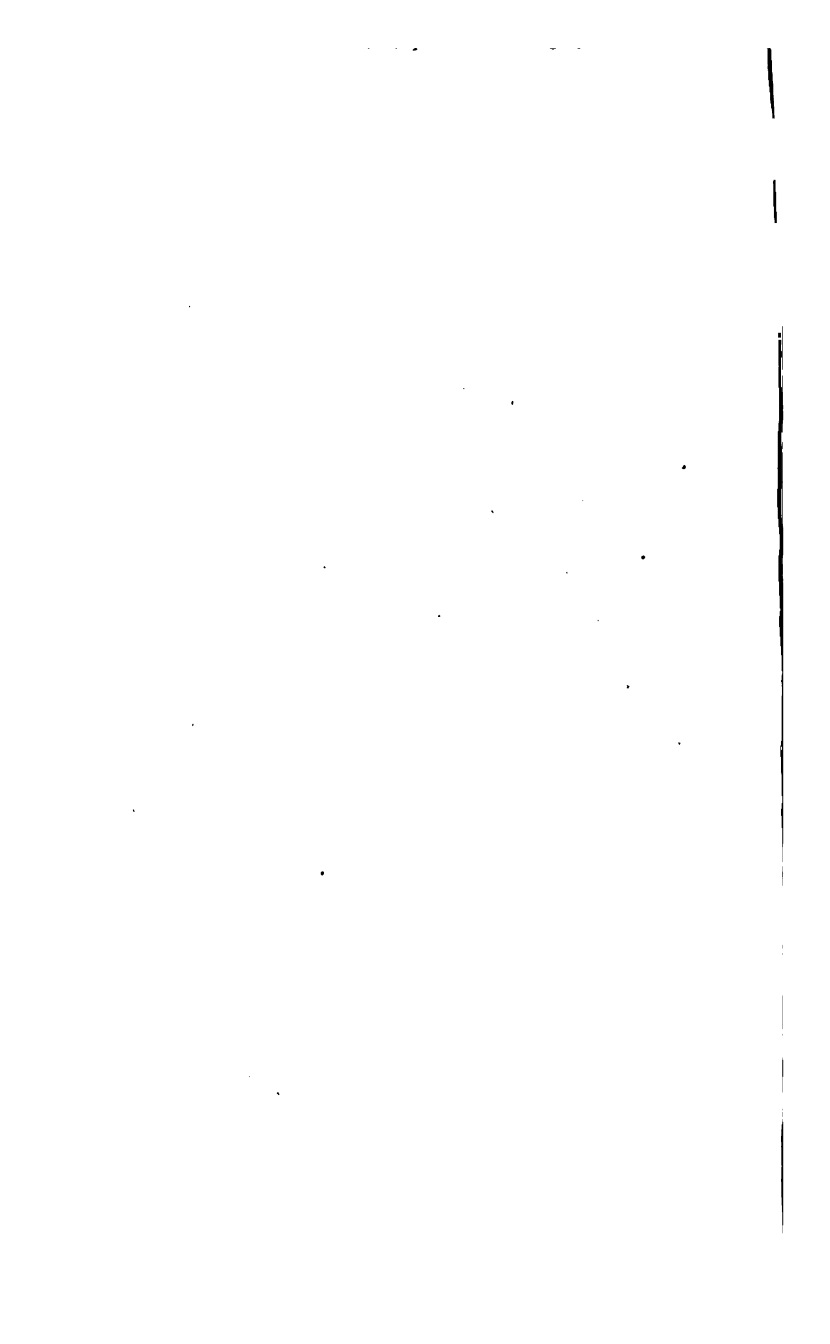
'But father, dear,' interrupted Norah, 'sure ye wouldn't let 'em *come out* beggars, would ye, if ye could help it? Sure, if the blessing come on them that help them, 'tis not good for the land when it bears beggars thicker nor corn.'

'True, for ye, Norah, and we'll thank my lord, and everybody that makes us work rather than beg. But I only say that same was a blessed day brought the Ryans to our door, and I'd not fear trusting in Providence, though we had scores such.'

'Nay, father, I wouldn't misdoubt, nor turn the beggar away from our door; but oh! when I think the

shame I felt that first time when I went up to ask charity, I do wish our people wouldn't do the very things that bring them to poverty and beggary. 'Tis comfortable to give the bit and sup to them that want it, but better, by far, to know that it isn't wanted or axed for at all.'





ROB MAXWELL;

OR,

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERDS.



Rob Maxwell.

ROB MAXWELL was an ancient shepherd, residing in that part of Scotland called the Highlands, from its rough and mountainous character. Rob had for many years served one and the same master, and tended successive generations of sheep on the same hills.

The usual range of his flocks, though a very extensive one, was not crossed by the beaten track of travellers; and, for a part of the year, he seldom saw any human faces, except those of his wife, his sons, his servants, and one or two neighbouring shepherds. But in summer time there was more intercourse. Distant relations, even from Glasgow and Edinburgh, would sometimes find out the Maxwells' cottage, and try, for a few days, how they liked living on Highland fare.

Maxwell had always a welcome for them, provided they would conform to his family customs. He had no notion of making a difference, except in an additional mess or two of porridge, or another sheep's head, or, of course, a few more oatmeal cakes, and a bottle or so of whiskey. He never thought of offering, and no one thought of taking, his own usual seat. No guest that ever visited Adam's Hope, (that was the name of his dwelling,) failed to treat the old shepherd with the utmost deference and respect. The finest gentleman in the land could not have been free or impertinent to Rob Maxwell. He let you see instantly, that he was master and patriarch in his own house, and that if you chose to accept his hospitality, you must conform to his ways.

So it happened that among the gay young cousins of the fourth remove, who sometimes came from town for an airing—thinking they were conferring a great honour on the old shepherd—there would be some who went away offended, and said Rob Maxwell was as proud as Lucifer himself; and that he kept his family so tight, there was no such thing as having any fun among them.

Among Maxwell's family customs was one which scarce any circumstances nor any company could have induced him to break through; and that was family worship. He made a great point of all his guests being present, morning and evening, at his Scripture readings and prayers, and, as the old man rose early, and the business of the family required that they should disperse in different directions soon afterwards, it often happened that his visitors were summoned from their beds before they had had their full quantity of sleep.

To this they were obliged, except in case of positive illness, to submit; and even if they pleaded this excuse for absence, the old man seldom failed to hint, when he saw them, that he feared they were not as trustful as they ought to be, or they would not have supposed that any harm would come to them from rising early to worship God.

No doubt old Maxwell was thus somewhat of a tyrant in his house. He would not allow people to judge for themselves while they were with him. Sensible persons, however, who observed the man well, saw that it was a point of conscience with him, to command literally 'all his household,' guests and all. Rob would have gone to bed with a sense of guilt before God on his mind, if he had not thus discharged his duty by leading the devotions of the whole family. And even if his visitors disapproved of some of the expressions in his prayers and expositions, they freely forgave him.

Not *all* his visitors were of a grave cast, however. A young coxcomb of a clerk from Glasgow, would sometimes call at the cottage in the course of a Highland tour; and there was seldom any love lost between Maxwell and such a one. Maxwell feared, and with some reason, lest his own sons should be made discontented with their Highland life, by the wild talk of one of these gay city youths; and the Glasgow man was, in his turn, out of patience with the formality and gravity of the household at Adam's Hope.

Moreover, though Maxwell's sons revered and loved their father, it was observed that, when he was out of sight, they talked in a much gayer strain than when he was by. And hence, their young city acquaintance concluded they were not at ease in their present way of life, and would not think the worse of them for cracking a joke at the expense of their father.

Here, however, there was a mistake. The youths were light of heart, and naturally frank in tongue, but nothing could be more complete than their filial reverence. They now and then took rather a longer holiday than he liked; but, once under his eye, and they had not an idea of disputing his commands. They also, from being brought up to it, and from long habit, had a pleasure and pride in their father's occupation. I have called Rob Maxwell a shepherd; but a Highland shepherd is a person of a good deal more consequence than a shepherd in England, and this I will explain.

It often happens in the Highlands, that the shepherd has not only the care of his master's flocks, but that he has also many sheep of his own, which he is allowed to feed on the moors, without any kind of expense to himself. He has a salary of from twenty to thirty pounds a year, the house he lives in rent free, and his expenses all the while are trifling, for his clothes are made from the wool of his own flocks;

he keeps his own cow, grows his own oats and potatoes. He is thus enabled sometimes to accumulate some hundreds of pounds in the course of his life, and is regarded as one of the most independent men in Scotland.

All shepherds are not so. I am now supposing the case of one whose landlord or master lives at a distance and commits everything to him; and a very important charge it is. Other shepherds live as servants in the houses of the farmers; but almost all of them, beside their wages (which in this case are low) and their board, possess some few sheep of the flock.

Rob Maxwell was generally thought to be wealthy. I believe his savings, placed in the Glasgow bank, amounted, indeed, to a pretty sum, and many people wondered what he meant to do with them. Was he going to stock a farm for his eldest son, Andrew, or did he mean to educate George, the youngest, for the Kirk?

On both these points, Rob Maxwell said nothing; and the fact was, he had not made up his mind. He wished to see what turn the youths would take. He could not bear the idea of making a Minister of a young man against his heart's consent, and he was somewhat suspicious that Andrew, who was very fond of hearing of foreign countries, would ask to see a little of the world, before he settled down in a Highland farm.

These youths were the sons of Maxwell's second wife, who had been his servant while his first dame lived, and whom he had married, as it was thought, rather unwisely, about two years after her death, without issue; but Maxwell said he could not for the life, dwell another winter alone, or with only the men, in his Highland cottage; and he did not choose to ask a female to live in that lonely spot, without making her his wife. 'Mary Burn,' he added, 'was a decent, sober lass, neither too young nor too old, and she

knew her duty to God and man.' So with this persuasion, Maxwell married; and was made, rather late in life, the father of two youths, who certainly looked more like his grandsons than his own children.

The household consisted, beside the father, mother, and sons, of two lads, who assisted with the sheep and in the work of the farm, and one female servant. This servant, Meg by name, was a very useful person. The business of the dairy, and the mere care of the house, cooking, &c., for the family, was not much, when divided between herself and her mistress; but when we know that nearly all the clothes of the household were made in the dwelling; that the wool was carded and spun; the cloth wove, the stockings knitted, the hemp for wearing apparel and domestic uses also prepared on the premises, the work of a Highland housewife will not appear light.

Meg was quite one of the family; she was indeed a distant relation of Maxwell's, and took exactly the same interest in his affairs as if she had been his daughter; she was older than his wife, and sometimes, when they differed on any point, would speak her mind as freely as if *she* were the mistress and Mrs. Maxwell the servant; nevertheless, Meg was too valuable to be quarrelled with, and her master could always manage her temper, which, with other people, was apt to be refractory.

Her wages were her board, her clothes, and forty shillings a year money. This sum was never raised, during the twenty years she had lived at Adam's Hope, nor did she dream of asking for an advance: nor probably would her master have made any.

I have mentioned the two-legged members of the family; I ought not to forget the four-footed race. At the time of which I write there was a tax on dogs, which prevented a shepherd keeping as many as otherwise he would have done, and this was felt to be a great hardship.

But now the tax, as respects shepherd's dogs, is taken off; and therefore a farmer or shepherd does not feel himself obliged to kill, or send away an old faithful animal who can no longer be of use to him, but whom he would fain keep, out of regard for its former services.

In Maxwell's service there were five full-grown dogs, and a puppy or two. His own of course, one for each of his sons, and one a-piece for the shepherd youths, who can never be persuaded to turn out on the moors after their flocks, without their shaggy companions.

These dogs lived in tolerable harmony. In a very cold winter's evening, they were all admitted into the common sitting-room; but, in general, the shepherd lads kept their collies, as they called them, in an out-house where they themselves slept, and only their master's dogs were admitted into the dwelling.

Maxwell's own dog, whose name was Bran, was a very remarkable animal; no one who has not had opportunities of hearing of the feats of the shepherd's dog, would readily believe the stories I have heard of Bran, and yet I am persuaded they are true.

I write for the purpose of telling my young readers, what I know of the ways of those who live in countries which *they*, probably, will never visit. I am not therefore making up marvellous stories, but only relating such things as I believe have occurred again and again in the Highlands of Scotland. And I will proceed to relate to you, as it has been related to me, the history of two visits to Rob Maxwell's, one made in summer, the other in winter, that they may judge a little what a Scotch shepherd's life must be.

The young man who sent them to me is the son of a Glasgow shopkeeper, a shrewd, clever, well-disposed youth, one whom old Rob himself declared was none of your modern pieces of coxcomby, but a decent God-fearing youth, whom he was always happy to see at Adam's Hope.

At my request this young man kept a sort of journal, and I had leave to take what I pleased from it, and here it is.

A SUMMER VISIT TO ADAM'S HOPE.

For several miles before I got to Adam's Hope, (says the journal,) I had been travelling over a very wild country; there were high bare hills at no great distance, and I could see little lakes among them, but my road chiefly lay over moor and bog; and in some places I found the ground was soft beneath my horse's feet, and was rather afraid lest it should become treacherous and hollow.

However, on I went. I am not heavy, and my little Highland poney scampered fleetly along. I had no doubt of finding the way, but toward the last mile or two it was not quite so easy, for one of those mists which are so common in Scotland, came suddenly from the hills towards which I was going, and I believe I should have wandered far out of the track, if it had not cleared off again just in time for me to see a shepherd who was looking after his sheep not far off.

I called to him and inquired the way, and right pleased was I to find him one of Cousin Maxwell's shepherds; he pointed out the house at no great distance, and I made towards it; I was expected, and the old man was at home and ready at his door with his shaggy dog Bran to welcome me.

Rob Maxwell is a venerable figure; he is hale and stout, and strong still, but his white hairs stream over his shoulders from under his Highland bonnet, and you see that he must have numbered nearly seventy summers.

He shook my hand warmly, then introduced me to his wife and the two young men, Andrew and George, chid the dogs, who were inclined to be noisy, and

made me come at once into the common sitting-room, where the tea table was spread ready for me.

I hardly expected tea at Adam's Hope, but was given to understand that on this point old Rob had yielded; he never cared for it himself, but his wife, he said, liked the trash, and he did not object to her having it.

It was plain that Mr. Maxwell was a rising man, he was not merely a shepherd, but a farmer. He had land of his own, I found, and the house had been enlarged considerably.

At first, he told me, it was a mere highland hut or *shealing*: then he had added a room on the ground floor, then another, till it had reached a comfortable size; but he had never proceeded so far as to attempt a second story: and the men servants were still lodged on straw or hay in the out-house.

It was clear that the beginnings had been very humble; but Maxwell was by no means ashamed of them.

When we had finished our tea, he offered, as the daylight would last some time, (we were now in July,) to take a walk with me along the hills.

Bran would not be left behind, and we set off, my young cousins being dispatched to a distant part of the moors in search of some of the flock, and their father then told me that I had come just in time if I had a taste for country sights, for that there would be a grand sheep-shearing the morn, and he should have twenty or thirty of his neighbours about him to help.

I was extremely glad of this, and told him with truth, that nothing would please me better. After this we took a pretty long circuit on the hills and met several different flocks of sheep, most of them of the wild black-faced breed, which the shepherds were collecting for the morrow.

The lambs, which had not been long weaned, were, I found, removed to a place at some considerable dis-

tance, and were under the care of one of Mr. Maxwell's shepherds and his dog.

The only anxiety Maxwell expressed was lest these should break loose and find their way after their mothers; but, 'no,' said he, 'I think I can trust Jock and his dog Lion to watch seven hundred lambs.'

I exclaimed with some surprise at the idea of one lad and a dog guarding this number of wild creatures at a time, and in such a country, quite uninclosed and without any boundary.

'Tush, man, ye don't know the shepherd's dog,' was all Mr. Maxwell's answer; 'but *whish't* now, what have we here? Bran, sir, Bran! away, there.'

And as sure as fate, a vast congregation of black-faced lambs, the very creatures we had been speaking about, came driving at full speed up a little hollow on our right hand, and it was plain they were making for the farm. The next moment, however, Bran, who had instantly understood the state of the case, was upon them. It was most curious to watch his proceedings. Mr. Maxwell made me sit down on the brow of the hill, chatting away, as if quite satisfied that the matter was now in the best hands, and yet I could see that his eye rested, now and then, with great satisfaction upon the dog.

I soon saw that he had quite turned the lambs, and was driving them back to the place they came from, and they were out of sight in a few minutes. I could not help asking Mr. Maxwell what would become of the dog, and when he expected to see him home.

'Toot; man,' he began in his blunt way, (but I cannot write down his exact words, which were half Scotch, and would not be well understood,) 'Bran can take care of himself and his duty too; and as to seeing him again, all I can say is, if Bran's mind is satisfied, and he thinks all is as it should be, he will come back to-night; if not, he'll stay till it is.'

I was amused at the idea of a dog having so

much interest in his business, but I soon found it was no more than was true. Bran was by no means satisfied. It seems that the other dog, who had been left with the shepherd to guard the lambs, was quite tired out, having been on hard duty several days, and this last freak of theirs had so disheartened him that he would not stir. Bran's help was therefore very valuable, and the shepherd did not hesitate about keeping him, nor indeed had Bran the least thought of leaving his post; he kept watching and pointing at the refractory lambs all night, and in the morning when Mr. Maxwell sent after him it was found he was still too busy to be easily moved.

By this time, however, Lion was recovered, and his master had been enabled to snatch a little sleep while Bran guarded the flock, so that his further aid was deemed unnecessary, and he was ordered home to be of use at the sheep-shearing.

I will go back meanwhile to the evening before. I was really pleased with the talk of the old shepherd as we sauntered along the hills, homewards. It was so plain, straightforward, and sensible; there was so much more knowledge of mankind than I could have supposed possible, and with all, such outbursts of piety, that I heard him with absolute reverence.

His memory was stored with Scripture. It seemed as if he had been the companion of the Psalmist, he so naturally brought in his expressions. I could not help observing this to him. 'Weel, lad,' said he, 'I am glad ye think no worse of an old man for loving his Bible, and ye say weel too about the Psalms. No one knows half their meaning and beauty, save them that have watched their flocks by day and night, and seen the ways of the birds and beasts in solitary places.

'Now, yonder,' continued he, pausing for a moment, 'is a sound that always seemed to me well nigh awesome' (awful). He pointed towards a small reedy

pool, which lay on the other side of the ridge of the wild hill on which we were walking.

From that spot there came a startling sort of cry such as I never heard before. 'Lie down,' whispered my cousin, I did so, and saw a bird of considerable size fly up from the margin of the pool uttering that strange sound, which none who has heard it can ever forget.

'It is the bittern,' said Mr. Maxwell. 'There used to be many of them here, but we shepherds are driving them away, though for my part against my will; the tinkle of our sheep-bells frightens them,—they are the shyest birds I know.'

'And yet, as I said,' he continued, 'there is a something about it I like; it lives where no other bird lives, it is happy in its own way, and I believe when night draws near, that cry is a cry of real joy. The poor thing does no harm to any one, and with my leave nobody shall harm it.'

I put many questions to the old man about the habits of this singular bird, and he told all he knew of it. 'It is,' said he, as we know, "the bird of desolation." The Bible tells us, when speaking of the ruin of Babylon, "that the bittern shall dwell there;" there seems to be no stronger image to mark that the place is desolate.

'But I have made a friend of it, nevertheless,' continued he, 'for often in the early spring evenings I have listened and watched for it, and thought it almost sad to go home without hearing aught of it.'

By the time we reached the cottage, it was nearly dark. Mrs. Maxwell ventured a remonstrance with the gudeman for staying out so late in the evening, when the mists were in the valleys and cold winds on the hills, and a bright fire was burning on the hearth for us. This was not at all amiss, for I certainly found the air of the Highlands, even in a July evening, raw and keen.

Andrew and George and one of the lads were now come home, and lights were brought in, and placed on the table beside the big family Bible and the gude-man's spectacles. I saw he was going to make family worship, and felt interested in conjecturing what I should hear. There was great abruptness, as I expected; a portion of Job was read, and the old shepherd commented as he went on.

I cannot give you any idea of the manner of this exposition—everything he said showed a mind of good natural power; but he was often, I believe, far away from the real meaning of the sacred writer, and I thought he gave his opinion with by far too much confidence. Of course his language was homely—sometimes, indeed, so familiar as to startle me. Sometimes he would apply his remark to one of his sons; sometimes to the servant Meg, who attempted to enter into a dialogue with her master on the occasion, which he soon cut short. Even I came in for a special word of exhortation.

Afterwards followed his prayer; and here I must say I was warmed and edified. I never heard passages of greater beauty in the composition of any of our most eloquent divines than in this prayer of a Highland shepherd. The entire devotion, the implicit, simple reliance on God through Christ, the manner in which every member of the household was recommended to the care of his almighty Guardian, not forgetting 'him that kept watch by the lone hill-side that night,' was really most affecting.

We then supped, and I was shown to my small but clean room; the floor of which was strewn with heather, while the linen smelt of the wild thyme and other flowers, among which it had been bleached.

It is difficult to oversleep one's self at Adam's Hope. The universal stir of the household, the baying of the dogs, the voices of the shepherds, the lowing of cows,

the crowing of cocks, all form a concert which drives repose from one's pillow.

The morning after my arrival was one of particular bustle. The preparations for sheep-shearing began very early; and I found Mrs. Maxwell and Meg were astir with the dawn, preparing breakfast for the assistants.

As it proved, I rose before I was expected or wished for; a great deal had to be done ere the family could be gathered together for breakfast, immediately before which family worship was to be made. However, I was well pleased to breathe the fresh air, and meeting with my young cousin George, we visited together the different pens of sheep, talked with the men, who all predicted a fine day, and watched, between whiles, the flight of a pair of majestic eagles, who were bending their course towards some mountains shrouded in mist. George shook his head as he pointed them out to me, and told me they were a sore trouble to the shepherds; and made sad havock among the lambs, as indeed, in its way, did a smaller winged creature, the raven.

He went on to tell me of an exploit of his brother Andrew's, the year before. He had tracked a pair of eagles to their eyrie (or nest) on the mountain I saw at a distance, whose opposite base was washed by the sea. The nest of the eagles was made on a shelf about two-thirds of the height of the cliff from its base. The cliff rose so steep from the sea, that it was impossible to climb up that way; and it was dangerous enough to descend to the nest from the top. Nevertheless Andrew, a daring youth, determined to attempt it. They dared not tell their father, George said, as he would never have suffered it, though he was always lamenting the slaughter among his lambs, occasioned by the old eagles, who are very bold and voracious when they have young ones to feed.

'Andrew,' pursued George, 'only told me and one

of our shepherd lads what he was going to do, and we went with him, taking our rôpes. When we got to the place, we watched the old birds off the nest, and waited till they were quite out of sight; then tied the rope fast round Andrew's waist, and in a moment he was swinging over the cliff. I sorely repented then, for it is a perilous service, but I knew he had a steady head and arm. We could not see what passed when he reached the eyrie, for the cliff overhung the spot, but we heard a great uproar, and judged that the eaglets were older and stronger than we expected. However, Andrew says he should have mastered them, though their beaks were so strong and sharp that they dug holes in his hands and tore his clothes to pieces; but just at that moment we saw a speck at a distance, and knew that the old eagle was returning: yet it was so far off that we never doubted but we could get Andrew out of the way in time, when behold the male eagle advanced from the other side, and we saw he was much nearer to the nest than his mate.

'It seems Andrew was so busy battling with the two savage young creatures in the nest, that he was quite unaware of the approaching danger, and we could not make him sensible of it, for the rope had caught on some ledges of rock, and our pulling from above had little effect. We shouted and whistled, but all in vain. Meanwhile, both the parent eagles rapidly drew near—it was a dreadful moment.

'Andrew's account is, that he was not sensible of the eagle's approach till a shadow, like that of a cloud, fell upon the rock, then he looked up and saw him.

'There was but a moment to decide what to do—one buffet of that terrible wing, one stroke from that powerful beak, would lay him low for ever. By great mercy he was enabled at that moment to call to mind his shepherd's plaid, which was rolled round him in the usual fashion.

‘The eaglets had entangled themselves in its folds, and he instantly unfastened the garment, and flung it and them, with all his might, into the deep sea beneath.

‘The parent birds, seeing the fall, dashed downwards, and Andrew was left alone on the little platform where the nest had been; but we, who had heard the plash into the waters, and saw the plaid floating on them, had not a doubt but that he had perished, and we paid no attention to the rope.

‘Jock, however, ran to a point where he could see more distinctly, and he returned shouting for joy, being well assured that Andrew himself was still on the rock.

‘We then joined our efforts, and with a few sturdy pulls at the rope, to our infinite joy my brother stood safe, though not altogether sound, by our side,—for his face and hands were terribly torn and bloody.’

I felt a shuddering at this tale of danger. ‘What would have been your fate,’ said I, ‘if the old birds had returned?’

‘They would not have attacked him then,’ said George: ‘they were quite tamed by the grief of losing their young, both of whom had perished in the sea. We saw them sailing sorrowfully along, and they were not like the same birds.’

We had now come back to Mr. Maxwell’s dwelling, and found ourselves but just in time. A long table was spread, and it was loaded with oaten cakes, porridge, cheese, butter, and good home-brewed ale, with a whiskey bottle or two.

On each side the room sat on benches the shepherds, who had come to help, waiting till Rob, who sat at his little table, with the Bible opened before him, should have finished the devotional exercise.

He began as soon as we were seated; reading only a psalm, with some brief pithy remarks, and ended with a prayer, which struck me as being quite as appropriate as that of the evening before.

'Thou knowest that the flocks on a thousand hills are Thine. It is but for Thee to speak, and the hope of the shepherd becomes a thing of nought. We pray Thee guard the poor, harmless creatures that are our only wealth; yet, if our hearts cling too fast to 'em, we pray Thee cut them off, and cast them afar, though dear to us as our own right eye.'

The surrounding party were mostly absorbed in the most earnest devotion while my cousin prayed thus; and, when they rose from their knees, there was seriousness on every face.

Though the meal was hearty and cheerful, I heard no improper, or even familiar discourse. Rob Maxwell was plainly looked up to as a sort of patriarch.

After breakfast, began the business of the day in earnest. It was, however, pretty much like other sheep-shearings; only, from the number of the animals and of the helpers, there was more bustle and merriment.

Many of the neighbouring young lasses came to help also,—some by their hands, and many more by their tongues. Altogether the front of the house was like a fair, covered with men, women, and children; and my old cousin dealt about his ale and cakes most liberally.

About two thousand sheep I found were under his care—but a part of which were his own. He had also many lambs; and had also lately sold some part of his stock.

I was so engaged by business for my employers at the time I paid this first visit to Adam's Hope, that I felt obliged to take my leave before the business was quite done next day; but I did not depart without a promise to repeat my visit, as soon as I could find an opportunity.

This opportunity did not occur that summer, nor the next; but, in the course of the ensuing winter, I had occasion to cross a part of the country which led me within about twelve miles of Adam's Hope.

I had often been warned that it was dangerous to visit a Highland farm at this season, as, if bad weather should set in, there was no saying how long a traveller might be kept a prisoner; but curiosity got the better of my prudence, and accordingly, giving proper notice to my employers, I turned off in the direction of the old shepherd's dwelling.

A WINTER VISIT TO ADAM'S HOPE.

I thought myself pretty well acquainted with my track, and was surprised to see the change which winter made in the outline of the country. I have since heard that the oldest shepherds are sometimes completely puzzled after a fall of snow, losing all their land-marks; so that it is not wonderful if *I* was perplexed.

The ground on the lower moors was not covered with snow, but it lay on the hills; and, though fair overhead, there was a frost-fog, which was not pleasant: still there seemed, as far as I could observe, no prospect of more snow, or of any particularly bad weather.

As I went on, however, I was struck with the fact, that, wherever I saw a shepherd, he was in the act of driving his sheep to some sheltered place; and by the time I got upon the high open moors, not a four-footed animal was to be seen.

I knew this boded no good; and, having great faith in the sagacity of these men, I questioned several of them. They all made the same answer—that we should certainly have a snow-drift before morning; and one or two advised my making all speed to my quarters.

I inquired in what direction they thought the storm would come. None could *then* tell me; but they all agreed that, if the fog were to open in any point, they should be sure the wind would come from *that* quarter.

Not long afterwards, I observed just such an opening as they described; and it was not very comfortable to see that it was in the point toward which I was travelling. However, I was near Adam's Hope, and said to myself that I cared little for a snow-storm, come when it might.

I did not know what a sight I was to see ere long. The wind blew bitterly cold in my face, and some large flakes of snow gathered up just as I came within sight of the house.

The dogs had heard me before that time, and set up their usual barking. My cousins ran out to see what was the matter, and great was their surprise to behold the identical grey horse and his rider who had visited them the preceding July.

I had a most kind welcome from the household. Maxwell rather crippled by rheumatism, but firm in voice and upright in carriage as ever. His wife, Meg, the young men, the shepherds, and the dogs, all housed for the night. They really looked very comfortable round the oak table, with the fire crackling and blazing in the chimney, and each at his different employment.

One was twisting some cow's hair into rope; another was taking up the trade of a basket-maker. Maxwell was at work on a fishing-net: his sons were reading in the *Saturday Magazine* and *CHAMBERS' Journal*,—the other lad was mending his brogues.

Though I made a bustle among them for a few minutes, and my horse had to be looked to, Jock soon returned, observing 'it was like to be an awsome night, and he wad be sorry to have the sheep on the wide moors now.'

We had much to hear and to relate, and kept it up till the time of family worship; which being over, the shepherd lads went to their beds in the outhouse, promising to look to my horse by the way.

I shall never forget their exclamation of surprise

when they opened the door. The snow-drift had come indeed. All on that side the house, between the dwelling and the stables, the snow was nearly as high as the roof of the building; and how the lads were to get to their sleeping-places seemed a complete puzzle.

This, however, was not in their minds. All the outcry was about the poor sheep, and their doubts and fears for the possibility of these animals weathering such a night. All agreed they could not sleep; and, as they must be stirring in search of the creatures at first break of day, Mr. Maxwell allowed them, at their earnest request, to stay where they were.

What a night that was! The wind came from the hills and the distant sea with the most melancholy awful sound I ever heard. Though my own situation was awkward enough,—as I knew I should be wanted at Glasgow in a day or two,—I scarcely thought of that. One's breath was almost taken away in listening to the battle of the elements. The dogs well understood what was going on. Bran cocked his ears, and listened and looked at his master with an anxious look. It was plain he wanted to be after the sheep, in spite of the weather.

The women were really frightened, and Mr. Maxwell looked grave. What a difference might the morrow morn make in his worldly affairs, and those of his employer.

None of us thought, I believe, of going to bed. About three in the morning, however, one of the lads looked out, and said the storm had abated, and that a star here and there was visible.

We sat above another hour, but by this time the wind rose again, and we were sure the snow was driving against the entrance of the house.

At four o'clock preparations were made for breakfast. Mr. Maxwell said the shepherd's only chance of saving the flocks would be by going out the very earliest moment possible. Yet still his family worship

was not omitted: and he prayed heartily that 'the whiteness of desolation' might not lie on the hills long, and that the Lord would guard those who were going to watch over the flocks.

It was truly a most affecting thing to see this group of people paying their morning devotions to their Great Protector,—to recall to mind their loneliness,—their entire dependence on Him who rules the elements. No mariner, tossed on a stormy ocean, can feel more at the mercy of the Ruler of the winds and waves, than the poor Highlander in his hut.

I had no doubt it would be found that we were buried to a considerable extent in the snow. And so it proved. Daylight did not enter that house—except, indeed, through one small back door, which was happily clear—for some time after. Everywhere else the drift as completely inclosed us as if we had been in the hollow of a mountain.

We took breakfast. Then the shepherds and my cousins prepared to sally forth. They sewed their plaids round them; tied down their hats; stored their pockets with bread and cheese, and took stout staves in their hands. I felt a strong desire to accompany them; but the old man peremptorily forbade it, and I am well aware he was right. 'It was sore travail,' he said, 'for them that were used to it all their days, but for a young callant, that never saw a snow wreath before, it would be mere madness.'

I saw it was as much as he could do to refrain from heading the party himself; but happily his rheumatism prevailed, and we both stayed within, endeavouring to beguile the time and cheer the women as well as we could.

I managed to get to my horse in the course of the day, and also helped Meg to the cow-house, which was half buried in snow; but we got in, and the cows were milked and the calves tended.

The air was intensely cold, and Meg was plainly

very uneasy about the lads. She told me (but not in her master's hearing) one or two sad stories of shepherds falling down in the snow, to rise no more; and said the frost often seized them in these expeditions, and they were bewildered and lost before their companions were aware of it.

To our infinite joy and thankfulness, however, towards evening, first one, and then another came in; but they were in a plight which showed the nature of the service they had been upon. Their plaids were so hard frozen, that it took long to free them from their case of ice. Then we gave them food and drink, and rubbed the spots on their faces and hands with snow, to prevent bad consequences.

As to the sheep, the loss was certainly considerable, and it could not yet be known how great. Out of one flock of three hundred ewes, which had been buried in a snow-drift, they had rescued one hundred and thirty; but there were many in other parts of the farm, which they could not yet even reach.

For three days afterwards that I was a prisoner at Adam's Hope, we heard of little else than of singular feats performed by the shepherds and their dogs, in getting out the sheep; and I do not recollect ever being more interested by any adventures than I was by these.

The dogs—those faithful, valuable creatures—came in for their full share of my admiration. I could understand, then, the feeling of a shepherd for the poor shaggy friend who has saved his life and property, time upon time; and could heartily enter into his unwillingness to part with him, or destroy him in his old age. And then I felt that it was cruel to burthen a master with a tax upon his humanity and attachment to the animal which alone can enable him to survive the dangers of his occupation.

'It is indeed,' as a shepherd said, '*he* who earns the family's bread: without him, all our lands would not be worth sixpence to our masters.'

It was Mr. Maxwell's dog Bran who had the sagacity to mark out the position of more than two hundred sheep, which were entirely buried in a deep snow-drift, and would never have been recovered but for him. The dog, I was assured, applied his nose to the snow over their heads, and marked with his feet the exact spot where each one was to be found. Most of these sheep were dug out alive.

Will you believe it, when I tell you, that it was found, on computation and inquiry, that more than a *thousand score sheep* perished in the Highlands on occasion of the storm I have now been mentioning?

We, of course, had no communication at the time with those at a distance in the remote districts; but Andrew Maxwell assured me of the fact, when, about two months after, he visited me at Glasgow, and it was confirmed by authority I cannot doubt.

The shepherds had done all that experienced and careful men could do. They had for the most part foreseen the snow-storm, and brought their flocks from the high grounds to the lower; but no one knows from what quarter the tempest will break, and this it is which makes it difficult to get them into shelter.

My cousin, old Maxwell, was a considerable loser, and did not recover it for a season or two after; but, in the very spirit of his own prayer, he was ready to give up what his heart clung to, and nobody ever heard a repining word from him.

Andrew told me, on the same occasion of his coming to Glasgow, a tale of one of the shepherds, whom I remembered seeing at the sheep-shearing.

He set out from his old father's house, on the terrible morning on which I was at Adam's Hope, with the intention of looking after a small flock of sheep—his own: the fruit of long years' toiling.

His dog was with him, of course. Night came, and he did not return. The father was uneasy, yet not positively alarmed, for it is common enough for a

shepherd to beg shelter at another person's house, if exhausted by fatigue or cold.

When, however, another night passed, and still no tidings, the old man was very unhappy. He raised all the country round, and the neighbours turned out, and scoured the hills in all directions in search of the poor fellow. But the snow was still lying, and so deep that all their search was in vain.

At length a thaw came. The snow melted away, and every shepherd on the hills trembled lest it should be his lot to discover the dead body, and bring the sad news to the old man. Everybody grew tired of looking, however: all but the father. 'It was melancholy,' Andrew said, 'to see the grey-headed man wandering up and down, looking for the corpse of his only son—the stay and staff of his old age.'

There was one thing that helped to convince him the body would yet be found. His son's dog had certainly visited the hut in the old man's absence. The woman who kept house for him was unfortunately lame, and dim of sight, so that she could not follow the creature. But she affirmed that he came in a very lean, miserable condition to the door, seized voraciously the food she gave him, and immediately went off again. It might be a week or more after the snow melted, that the old man, after spending a long day in his fruitless search, heard, late in the evening, the whining of a dog at some distance. He was sure it was his son's dog. He dared not follow the sound, for it was in a dangerous part of the country, full of bogs and pitfalls, and the night at hand.

In the morning, however, he took a neighbour with him, and having marked the exact spot from whence the barking came, they never rested till they had explored it, and there, indeed, in a sort of pit amid this craggy dangerous ground, they found the remains of the poor shepherd, and, stretched beside them, the dead body of the faithful dog, which was scarcely cold.

Andrew told me that *his* father was sorely troubled for neighbour Murray's affliction, and though the way was long, and he himself lame, he walked over to see him many times, and talked kindly and piously to him, and they had persuaded him to come and live in a hut nearer Adam's Hope for company.'

I have now told you, I believe, the chief of what I remember of Adam's Hope. But in conclusion I must say, that I hope I shall never forget the lessons I learnt there. My cousin Rob died not long after, and I have been called to so different a way of life, that I have not been able to renew my acquaintance with the place; but his sons are every now and then my guests at Glasgow. Andrew is a thriving farmer, and George is now in our college, a young man of much promise, both as to ability and principle. It does one good to see in the midst of their prosperity and greater refinement, that both of them glory, most of all, in being the sons of an honest Highland Shepherd.



FELIX JANSEN;

OR,

LIFE IN NORWAY.



Felix Jansen.

FELIX JANSEN was the son of a small farmer in Norway. His mother was a Scotch woman, whom the elder Jansen had met with one summer, on occasion of a trip to Bergen, which is one of the three capital towns of Norway—the other two being Christiana and Drontheim.

Any one who knows the map of Europe, knows that long strip of land to the north-west, bounded on one side by the Northern Sea; on the other by high ridges of mountains, which divide it from Sweden: its highest northern point running quite up into the region of everlasting ice and snow. This is Norway. But the greater part of Norway, cold as it is in winter, enjoys a most beautiful summer; and though at first Jansen's wife was inclined to complain of the long winters, she used to say that they were more than counterbalanced by the lovely weather in summer.

Jansen's farm was situated in the very heart of Norway. His house was well and strongly built of timber, and it lay snugly sheltered in a hollow between two hills; and was surrounded by an orchard, planted with apple, pear, cherry, and plum trees.

Hard by the house ran a rough narrow road, which was seldom tracked by strangers, but led to several cottages, and (though at some miles' distance) to the church.

Beyond the road, a noisy, rapid stream came brayling over stones and rocks. There was no bridge, nor was it at any time a pleasant matter to cross, as the stream was so rapid, that without caution a traveller

might be carried down below the fording-place into deep water.

When the snows of winter first began to melt, this stream became for a week or two a rushing mighty river, fretting loudly against its rocky banks; but seldom or never overflowing them, so quick was the descent.

The farm-house, the orchard, the road, and river in its deep channel, thus occupied the lower part of the valley; but behind the house there were many slopes, and some cultivated fields, planted as it were on shelves one above another, on a high and steep mountain which rose beyond all.

On the opposite side of the river was a little tract of rich sloping ground, which was also cultivated; but beyond this ground were towering mountains, some of them bare, excepting here and there a patch sown with grain of some kind; others covered with the fine trees of Norway,—the pine, the fir, the mountain ash, birch, and aspen.

It was in the wooden dwelling of which we have spoken that Felix Jansen was born and brought up. Though his mother had lived so long in Norway, she had not forgotten her Scotch; and still, if once within a long time a traveller from her native land found his way up to her door, her eye brightened at the well-known sound, and the guest was sure of a warm welcome.

But when was the stranger unkindly received in Norway? Whatever be the errand, and however poor the people to whom he comes, an unexpected guest, they will do their best for him. The fowl is killed, plucked, and dressed; fish is prepared; the best of their fruits, preserved or fresh, are set before him; and, if they have nothing else, they give him a drink of their rich milk, and a slice of their dark, but wholesome rye bread.

Felix had never seen anything beyond his native woods and streams. He was, however, familiar with

a very wide tract of country, for his father had not only taken him out shooting and bear-hunting with him, but had also often mounted him on one of the beautiful little coffee-coloured horses of the country, which are the most sure-footed animals that can be conceived. They had climbed hills and crossed rivers upon these little creatures, and Felix was an expert horseman, and a capital walker.

Very early he had been taught to fish, and could hook salmon or trout as expertly as an old sportsman. The gun was more cautiously given into his hands; but by the time my account of him begins he had been allowed to use it pretty freely, and was a promising shot.

Being an only child, Felix was of course very precious to his father and mother. They had many schemes for him. As no one in Norway thinks of going many miles from home, the country being often absolutely unknown, beyond a regular distance, to most of the farmers and rural cottagers, it is usual for parents to settle in their own minds which among their neighbours their children shall marry, while they are yet little more than babes.

Thus Felix well knew that his father destined him to be the husband of Una Troil, the daughter of a rich farmer, who lived about four Norwegian miles from them.

Each Norwegian mile is about the same as seven English ones. The distance, therefore, between Felix and his little wife was considerable; and during eight months of the year they seldom saw each other; but in summer there were often merry-makings, which brought them together, and every now and then they met at church.

The church was always pretty full. And well it might be so, for there was no other within thirty English miles; and service was not performed above once in three Sundays, as the pastor had the charge of two others, at considerable distances.

It may be asked whether the Jansens, who were thus bereft of the pleasure of constant public worship, had any other means of religious instruction.

Felix's mother, having had her education in Scotland, was far better read in the Scriptures than most of the Norwegians. In Scotland, every child is taught to read, and few are without a Bible. Mrs. Jansen had her English Bible; and little Felix, while he always spoke the Norse tongue with his father, had learnt to read and write English with his mother.

They had, it is true, a Norse Bible also,—and he could read that too; and they had a Prayer-book in Norse, and some books of devotion. But Mrs. Jansen clung to her native language, when religious teaching was in question, with especial fondness; and she never could relish the Psalms so well in any other tongue.

She used to sing the hymns she had heard in her childhood to Felix, and many a wild Scotch air besides; but she was very careful not to do this too often before his father, who, like all his countrymen, doated on Norway, and thought no other land was to be compared to it.

Felix thought the same, and used to join with all his heart and soul in the chorus, 'Norway for ever—beloved Norway;' but he was not without interest in his mother's land. He liked to hear her talk of going with large troops of friends every Sabbath-day to the Kirk, or Scotch Church,—of the many fine preachers she used to hear,—and how often, the church being much too small for the crowded assembly, the pastor used to take his stand on the hill-side, while the people filled the hollow valley below.

His mother kept up the old Scotch custom of family prayer, to which his father made no objection, though it was not what he had been used to; but he had, in the course of his life, met with some pious Christians, who paid more attention to religious duties than was

customary in this land, and he had at least learnt not to set himself against the practice of them.

It was this circumstance, more than anything, which led him to think well of his wife's opinions and habits. He would not have given way, or attended to her, if he had not happened to know that some at least of his countrymen thought as she did; for Jansen was too much of a Norwegian to tolerate the notion of doing anything which other Norwegians had not done before him.

When they first married, his wife used gently to describe to him the farming operations in Scotland. She told him how well their ploughs worked, and hinted that some improvement might be made in their clumsy machines; but Jansen soon cut her short with, 'All very well for Scotland, my dear, but it would never do for Norway.'

Sometimes she gently asked, 'Why?' And then he would say, 'My father always ploughed or managed his land as I do. It did very well for him,—why should it not do for me? It will never do to be always making alterations.'

If Jansen had caught a bad cold, and went to bed highly fevered, his wife would try to persuade him to take some cooling mess, such as she knew would be serviceable,—some gruel, or barley water,—but in vain; Jansen's countrymen all took a mixture of strong brandy and pepper in fevers, or a good meal of cream porridge, and therefore nothing else would Jansen have.

He had a strong, iron constitution; and, like those around him, had used himself to drink every day a larger quantity of spirits than an Englishman would ever think of taking. His wife well knew he would never leave it off; and that, as he was not downright intoxicated, he did not think there was any harm in it.

She did not tease him by constantly quarrelling with

him about this habit; but she *did* use all her influence to prevent Felix acquiring the same.

It was no easy matter for a youth to escape this snare in Norway. Brandy is made by the farmers themselves. They distil it from their own corn, and it is thus called corn-brandy. It is often about as strong as English gin, and they are accustomed to drink this with little or no water. Even the women get into the same habit; and though they keep short of intoxication, excepting at their jovial meetings, no one can doubt that the habit is bad. But the great difficulty is in these social meetings. It is almost impossible for youth in Norway to make any acquaintance, or join in any festive celebration, without being tempted to drink deep. At weddings, or christenings, or birth-days especially, there are grand carousals.

Felix, when very young, had associated with these parties, and his father would have been very willing to let him drink with other boys; but happily for Felix, there was a neighbour youth, whose spirited behaviour, and general good example, had made a very strong impression on him, and deterred him. The name of this youth was Franz Storr. He was of true Norwegian birth; but had been taken, when a boy, away from his father and mother, by a Swiss family, with whom some circumstances had brought them acquainted. They had carried young Franz with them to Savoy, and had given him many advantages of education which he could not have had in Norway. And when he came back to his native land, though he still brought home the warm love of his country, he saw the faults of the people very strongly.

Felix saw him stand up at one of the drunken revels we have been mentioning as too common in Norway, and refuse, before all his companions, to drink another drop of the corn-brandy. And when the young men laughed at him, and tried to force a cup of liquor into Felix's hand, though he bore their ridicule him-

self, it was startling to see how he dashed the cup to the ground, before Felix had time to take it.

The party made a great uproar at this, and Felix's father joined; but Franz had won Felix's heart by several little acts of kindness before this time, and he was now more inclined to look up at his fine generous face, and do as he did, than follow the example of the noisy drinking crew round him.

'I don't wish for it at all,' said Felix, 'thank you,' as another cup was handed to him—and he said true. But by this time his father was angry at Franz's meddling; and he told the boy not to be a fool, but learn to 'drink his brandy like a man, and a *Norway* man, too.'

'I don't wish it, indeed,' repeated Felix.

'Why not?' asked his father.

'Because,' said Felix, 'I like every body so much better in a morning before they have drank brandy. They talk better and work better, and I am sure, father, they look more like men—*Norway* men, than they do now,' pointing to two or three of the party who were very much intoxicated.

'The boy is right,' said a middle-aged man, the most sober of the party; 'I have often said 'tis a shame and disgrace to us Norwegians, that we cannot meet and be merry without turning ourselves into brutes. 'Come, neighbour Jansen, come, Franz, come Felix,' added he, 'my boat is ready, and we had better be going.'

Jansen had sense enough left to see that this was good advice; for this party, which was met to celebrate a wedding, was held at an island on a lake, and all had boats to manage which required steady heads and hands.

Jansen and his neighbour, with Franz and Felix, unmoored their boat accordingly. They had several miles of lake and river to traverse, and were to land about half a mile above Jansen's house.

Nothing can in general be more calm and placid than the weather in summer, in Norway; but this was autumn, and in autumn there are every now and then sudden hurricanes, which snap the stoutest trees like saplings, and squalls which overset the fisherman's boat before he has time to prepare for the gust.

Jansen and his neighbour, whose name was Mark, observed some signs of a change of weather, as soon as they were fairly afloat, and they were wise enough to take in their sail, and trust wholly to their oars.

This was hard work, but young Franz had been well used to row on the lakes of Savoy, and his strong arm pulled lustily along, and soon left the island far behind.

'I would give a good deal,' said Mark, 'to know that those merry fellows we have left, have put down their sails too, if they are on the lake—we shall certainly have a squall presently. Look, Franz, the wind has caught that pine forest already.'

Franz looked: it was indeed a singular sight. There was a sort of indistinct mist over the wood in question, which was a good way off; yet they could hear a roar and crackling of boughs. It seemed as if some one was plucking them up, and scattering them about as if in sport.

After a minute, that spot was still, though much changed by the shock; but the whirlwind was coming up, and the waves of the lake felt its influence. The blackness and swelling of the waters were truly frightful.

Mark and Jansen looked at one another. 'Thank God the sail is not up,' said one. 'We shall have a struggle even now,' said the other. 'If we are not swamped by those big waves it will be wonderful.'

Franz said nothing, but looked anxiously towards the windy quarter, and gave a sign to Mark, to bear as far from the shore as possible, for he knew the

greatest danger was that of being dashed against the rocks, at some place where they could not land.

A terrible wave came rolling up, and the whole sky was darkened, and the rain fell, and for a few moments they could neither hear nor see any thing, but the roaring of the wind and waters; while hail and snow mixed together, nearly blinded them.

'God help us,' exclaimed Jansen; 'we shall never get over this.' He felt the water rising in the boat. 'Have a good heart! it's passing over,' exclaimed Franz; 'bail the water! bail it out of the boat as fast as you can—we shall be saved—please God!'

Poor Felix had been half-drowned meanwhile, by a big wave which had dashed over him; and he crept trembling up to Franz, striving to catch a little hope and comfort from his friend.

'Courage, my little man,' said Franz cheerfully; 'I hope we shall all do well. If you can help us to get rid of the water, you will do good; here, take my cap—bail it out of the boat as quick as you can.'

Felix obeyed, but forgot that poor Franz's head was bare, exposed to all that the wind and rain could do to it. In a few moments he looked up.

The squall had now gone over them, and was visiting some other spot in its furious course—there was time to consider what it would be best to do.

Felix pointed to Franz's bare head, and to the wet cap in his hand; but in truth they were *all* quite wet through, and chilled by the cold, for a severe frost had succeeded to the misty rain and snow, and there was snow, and there was every symptom of a sharp night.

'We will get on shore,' said Jansen, 'and walk the rest of the way—nothing else will do. If we keep in the boat, we shall be frozen to death. Which is our nearest way?'

'The nearest is a long pull,' answered Mark; 'but

I know every step of the way. If we can't get on, we must stop at Christian Bach's farm, over the pine forest. He will give us shelter, I warrant.'

'I had rather get home, if possible,' said Jansen. 'My Margaret will pine for her boy.'

They here reached a little creek, and fastening the boat to a tree, well knowing it would be safe till they could return for it, they stretched their stiffened limbs, clapped their hands, and set out walking as fast as they could.

But poor Felix's legs were not so serviceable as usual. He could not get any warmth from the exercise, and he soon felt weary and weak. He lagged behind, and Franz lagged too, in order to help him.

It was now night, and all the stars were come out in beauty and splendour. Night in Norway (when there is truly a night) is grand indeed. The planets shine from the clear frosty sky, casting even shadows on the traveller's path; and Jupiter, the king of them all, is as a moon among them.

'Are you *much* tired, Felix?' said Franz, after helping him up a steep hill, which seemed as if it reached almost to the skies.

'A little, but I'm sure, Franz, you must be more tired; how hard you worked with the oars, and then how cold your head must have been without your cap. I wonder whether I shall ever be as strong as you.'

'Oh! yes, I hope so.'

'How glad I am, Franz, that father did not stay drinking any longer with those people; I am sure I am very much obliged to you for not letting me learn to do as they do; but don't you wish sometimes to drink, Franz?'

'I used to do so, but when I went to Switzerland I found it would quite unfit me for learning what I wanted to learn, and I found there was so much to do,

that I must waste no time. Then, when I was once busy, I forgot that there was such a thing in the world as drink, and now I never care for it.'

'You always seem to have so much to do, Franz; will you let me come to your father's house sometimes, and look at what you are doing?'

'And welcome, my dear boy. But look, there is Von Bach's house in the hollow below us; his dogs are barking already.'

How pleasant it was to see the bright blazing light of a log fire once more; to dry and chafe their cold limbs, and to know that the good man of the house was as well pleased to shelter the poor travellers, as they could be to be under shelter!

And the table was set out, and the board spread, and plenty of good wholesome food put before them, and they were warmly urged to stay till morning.

Jansen looked doubtingly at his boy. 'Why,' said he, 'friend Christian, I would not trouble you for myself, for I want to get home, and feel almost as fresh as ever, but if you will keep Felix till morning, I'll thank you kindly.'

'Then,' said Mark, 'I will go with you, Jansen, and perhaps Franz will stay here, and come home with the lad in the morning. What say you, young man?'

Franz readily agreed, provided they would stop at his father's farm, and tell him where he was; and right glad was poor Felix to stretch out his tired limbs in a warm room that night with his friend near him.

The next day they reached home safe and well, and Jansen's wife was profuse in her thanks to Franz. From this time a closer intimacy sprang up between them.

I must here observe that although the sad habit of indulgence in liquor is so prevalent in Norway, and the people certainly suffer much from its effects, we shall err.

if we regard them as brutalized by it. On the contrary, they are very remarkable for their good manners.

Thus Felix Jansen had no idea of passing even a boy of his own age, without pulling off his hat or cap to him; he never saw his own father neglect this mark of civility, and it had been carefully taught him when a child. Rich and poor are alike respectful to each other. What is more, except when the Norwegians are excited *unusually* by liquor, you will never hear them talking in a rough rude way to one another, giving each other a blow, or even speaking surlily. There are not two sets of manners, one for their superiors and another for their equals or inferiors; in short, they are not vulgar—vulgarity being defined to be familiarity, rudeness, coarseness, selfishness.

Felix knew that he should be the heir of his father's property, because he was the only son; had he had brothers they would have shared it with him, but there would still have been enough had it been divided among three or four, for the land being by no means as highly cultivated as it might be, each proprietor would only exert himself more to bring it under tillage, and no one will marry in Norway unless he has the prospect of maintaining a wife and family in comfort.

Then it happens, very fortunately for these people, that they are accustomed to many real comforts; their ideas of what it is decent and proper to have about them in a dwelling-house, are much higher than those of many other nations, and that being the case, they exert themselves to obtain them.

An Irish peasant's ideas of what is enough for him and his wife are so low, that he marries early, without thought or care. A hovel of sticks and turf, such as he can build in a morning, a few potatoes, and a little straw, or at any rate a very ordinary bed, and a stool or two, are what he considers sufficient for his comfort. This would never do in Norway.

There is another circumstance connected with Norwegian life which has a very good effect upon their habits. Young people who love each other, are regularly betrothed by the Church, some time before they marry; perhaps one, two, or three years. This gives time for them to know each other's character and habits, and to find out whether there is any strong objection to their future union. It is a useful probation.

But to return to my narration; it was difficult to say which was the happiest in their improved intercourse, Franz or Felix.

If one can fancy a young man, who has had opportunities of seeing what is going on in other countries, coming back to live in a lonely farm-house, shut up among high hills, associating chiefly with Norway boors, one may form some idea of the pleasure it was to be visited very often by a bright little inquiring boy, ready to learn, and always eager to sympathize in his friend's doings.

And to that little boy it was a joyful thing to go to see Franz, to borrow a book of him, and talk with him about what he had last read, to see what he was doing in the farm, and to watch him, trying to bring little comforts into his father's house.

In the winter, when Felix's father did not want him at home, he used to meet his friend Franz at a spot half-way between their houses, if the weather allowed; each had his gun of course, and his knife, for at that season of the year the wolves and bears are hungry, and, rarely as they attack men, it is better to be prepared.

They used in general to take their brisk walk in the forest, during the short time of the sun's appearance in the heavens, but in the very shortest days this did not satisfy them, and they often prolonged their walk in the night, when the aurora borealis served instead of sun or moon.

There are few of my young friends who have not heard of this beautiful provision of a kind Providence to enlighten those countries which have a much longer night than ours.

These northern lights often supply the place of the other luminaries, so that the Norwegians, Swedes, and Laplanders can see to work, although the sun has long been down.

One cannot here stop to explain how and why it is that days and nights, summers and winters, are so unequal in different parts of the world; I can only tell you the fact.

You can see, yourselves, that in winter, at what we call the shortest day, we have more darkness than light, that the sun does not rise so soon by several hours as in summer, and that it sets much sooner.

Now the farther we travel towards the north, the greater is the difference between the length of the days and nights in summer and winter; and in the most northern part of Norway, on the shortest day, the sun is in sight for only about an hour and a half; while in the long days of summer there is scarcely any night or disappearance of the sun.

The allotted seasons of summer and winter, also become more unequal as we travel farther north. In Norway, spring begins in June; July and August are summer months; autumn may be said to begin in September; and winter in the middle of October. From that time till May there is nothing but winter.

It is wonderful to those who have been used to the climate of the south, to see the sudden change from winter to summer. The frost breaks up, the snows melt, and immediately the trees bud and blossom; the corn springs, and harvest comes on in half the time that it takes to ripen the grain in many other countries.

The reason of this is, that the sun is so short a time withdrawn during the summer, that the air has no time to cool; it is always day, and the grain ripens, and the fruits come forward as fast while men are sleeping as in the middle of noonday. The sun is also very hot in Norway in summer.

Though the cold is piercing in winter, it is not often attended by wind; in general the air is so calm, that when a traveller is well wrapped in furs, he does not feel it so severely as in cold wintry days in England while walking; but it is almost impossible to keep one's self warm while riding on the open sledges.

The houses are made very comfortably warm by stoves, and they are extremely well built, so as to avoid draughts of cold air.

Franz's father was a worthy plain man, very fond of his son, who, with one daughter, was his great comfort; for he had lost his wife not long after Franz's birth, and had ever since been a widower.

They were fond of Felix, and sometimes, but not often, he was allowed to spend a day or two at Franz's house.

More frequently Franz came to see him and give him a lesson on the German flute, which he played very well; and also to see how he went on with his lessons in geography and in Latin, which Felix had a great wish to learn. At other times Franz showed him his collection of minerals, and the dried plants he had brought from Savoy.

A Norwegian, if he knows anything of natural history, knows something of the works of the great Linnæus, his Swedish neighbour; and Franz was so fortunate as to have some of his books.

He was not at all afraid to cross the hills over the frozen snow many hours after the sun went down, therefore it often happened that he stayed till seven or eight o'clock in the evening teaching Felix, and went

home by the light of the moon or stars, or of the Northern Lights.

When summer came, a great deal had to be done in a short time, and Franz and Felix learnt to do with little sleep.

An Englishman feels it strange to look up to the heavens and see the sun yet not near setting, while he finds by his watch that it is half-past nine o'clock at night.

If he arrives at an inn, it seems a strange thing to find everybody gone to bed, while still it is broad daylight; but in the Norway summer, the heat is so great in the middle of the day that no work can be done then, and it is the custom to go to rest early in the evening, and rise very early in the morning.

It was at this season a great pleasure to Franz and Felix to make excursions together among the woods. Franz had learnt to be a capital walker, and his curiosity strongly led him to explore parts of the country not very frequently visited by travellers.

He was, as I have said, a botanist, and it delighted him to search for plants among the hills. But, independently of any positive object of pursuit, nothing can be more beautiful than a journey through Norway in the summer months.

Franz and Felix, when on one of these excursions, were accustomed to travel through the greater part of the night, and to rest during the day. They used to climb the mountains where human foot had probably never been, to explore the little lakes, or tarns, which lay hidden in the hollows, and to listen to the music of the cataracts which now and then murmured among the rocks.

Sometimes a noble eagle would soar above their heads, and suddenly pounce down in the valley below them; and far away would come the tinkling sound of bells from the flocks, enjoying their summer's grazing in these solitudes.

It was not at all unpleasant to them to hear occasionally a louder and nearer sound of these bells; and this would tell them of some flock being near at hand, so that they might be sure human beings were at a little distance; then, if they chose it, they went in search of these people, and found the tent where they lived while their cattle were grazing.

All the farmers and landowners in Norway are in the habit of sending their cattle, and particularly their cows, to the mountains for summer grazing; and while they are there the best butter is made for exportation, and also the best cheese, called *Gammel* cheese.

This *Gammel* cheese could not, indeed, be made unless the cows were fed on the mountains. In the months of June and July the ground is covered with a yellow flower which the cows eat very greedily, and which gives their milk the necessary flavour for making this peculiar sort of cheese, which is one of the grand articles of exportation.

This cheese is made in a manner very different from our usual way of making cheese. It is a mixture of whey, the curds being taken from it, and sweet cream; the vessel holding these is put on the fire, and it is stirred constantly till it grows thick, and stirred also after it is taken off the fire till it becomes cold. It is then put into a mould or form. It must be kept a long time before it is good eating, and even then the flavour to a stranger is peculiar and disagreeable.

The butter is still more so, owing to the taste of the yellow flowers I have mentioned. The cattle which are thus driven to the mountains are generally of a small breed, and they do not yield a large quantity of milk, rarely more than two quarts; but then it is exceedingly rich, more like thick cream than milk.

Felix and Franz used to pay a visit sometimes to the herdsmen who kept these cows, in their tents, and now and then rested in the heat of the day under their shelter. Indeed it was impossible to go far

without hearing the sound of the cheerful bell of these herds.

On several occasions they had the pleasure of seeing the sun both rise and set in the short space of about two hours; and both agreed that in no place in this world could they have witnessed anything more beautiful and splendid.

To see the orb of day go down in his glory, is always a beautiful and splendid sight. This sight the Norwegian enjoys like ourselves; but, on these midsummer nights, the short space of two hours will give him a view of its *rising* glory. That short space is a solemn pause; every sound is hushed; no living thing is to be seen; neither bird nor animal. The sky is not clouded, but covered, as it were, with a film; the stars shine faintly through it.

Yet a little while longer, and this dim veil is lifted up; the rosy tints of morning appear; the birds wake from their slumbers; the goats are cropping the grass; and men, wherever there are human inhabitants, are also up and stirring, anxious to avail themselves of the short season of summer.

The two friends used to delight when in these expeditions they came in sudden view of one of those beautiful large lakes with which Norway abounds: these are of various breadths; sometimes winding, like rivers; sometimes broad, and, when studded with woody islands, very picturesque.

The navigation of these lakes is not always easy, and every man and almost every woman knows how to manage a boat, whether by oar or sail.

Indeed it is not uncommon for ladies, even of rank, when paying visits to their neighbours on the other side of the lake, to row themselves over without the aid of any attendants.

Some of the lakes are entirely solitary; not a hut is near; not a boat floats upon the surface; no voice

of herdsman or tinkling of bells on the steep hills, that, clad with firs, rise on either side: nothing but the rippling of the waters, the plunging of a fish, or the far-off cry of some bird of prey.

Yet those well accustomed to the country can readily find their way to the hamlets. Following the course of the little streams that fall into the lakes, through the narrow valleys which open between the mountains, they are pretty sure soon to find the track of man; to see the stream turning busy mills, and to find cultivated corn fields springing up all around.

Mr. Jansen, besides his farm, possessed a large tract of forest-land bordering on the Glommen, which is the finest river in Norway, and forms a communication between the sea and the interior of the country, for full three hundred miles.

By means of this river, the Norway firs, pines, and other trees, which are the riches of the country, are carried down to the sea, there to be shipped and sent into other lands, where they are much in use for ship-building and many other useful purposes, the fir of Norway being the best in the world.

Besides looking after his farm, therefore, Mr. Jansen every summer had to spend some time in visiting his workmen in the forest, whose business it was to cut down the timber and float it on the river; and when Felix was old enough to work on the farm, his father generally left him to be steward there while he went up the river to his pine woods.

Once or twice, however, it so happened that Mr. Jansen was able to take Felix along with him, and then Felix petitioned his father that his friend Franz might accompany them. This was a most pleasant expedition; each had his little swift horse which carried him in a day to the place of his destination, where they found no regular dwelling-house, but a shed, which served the purpose of a sleeping-place

on the beautiful summer nights. It would have been no punishment, indeed, had they been obliged to rest wholly in the open air at this season, but a store place was needed for provisions, and a shade in the most oppressive part of the day.

The workmen, a merry band, occupied sheds near the banks of the river, and some cottages grouped near the saw-mills higher up, gave shelter to a part of the company.

It was as gay and pleasant a sight as could well be witnessed in any country, to see these men all starting up with the sun, to begin their labours before the heat of the day.

They were wonderfully quick and expert. The stoutest pines were brought to the ground by their well-directed strokes, and the forest rang with the sound. Then the branches were stripped off, and the merchant, who was there, as usual, to purchase, examined them.

Mr. Jansen had learned to form so high an opinion of Franz's judgment, that he even consulted him on the important affair of making his bargains with the merchant; and the young man raised himself still higher, by modestly declining to give his opinion on a matter in which he was quite inexperienced.

He, however, lent his assistance, and worked as hard as any man in the woods. It fell to his lot to mark the timber (after Mr. Jansen had sold it) at each end. This, indeed, was the merchant's business, rather than that of the seller; but it was found that Franz was very clever at the work; and the buyer, who was a cheerful, agreeable man, was so pleased with him, that he contrived to engage his services good part of the time.

The timber was marked because every log was thrown into the river, and had to travel towards the sea perhaps two hundred miles. As the owners of many of the forests through which the river passed

were engaged also in felling and selling their timber, and sending it along the stream in the same way, it was necessary for every merchant to mark his own.

Then came the process of rolling these trunks or logs into the river. Sometimes they came thundering down the steep side of the hill, and fell without further trouble into the stream, which generally carried it pretty steadily down. Sometimes, however, a large tree will take up an awkward position, and form a bridge which prevents the passage of other trees which follow, and then there will be large quantities heaped up together, till winter rains, or the melting of snows in spring, sets them afloat.

At the hour of noon there was always a suspension of the labour; then all the workmen retired to sleep for two or three hours in the shade; or, what was safer, under the sheds.

The sleepers in the woods at this time of year are sadly annoyed by mosquitos, whose sting is very tormenting: and there is also a kind of wasp which hangs its nest, round as a ball, from the branches of the trees, and inflicts a very painful wound. Worse still is the immediate neighbourhood of an ant's nest, the insect being much larger and more formidable than any we ever see in England.

The fare which our forest-labourers met with was excellent. Besides abundance of kid's flesh, and fine Gammel cheese, they had fish from the river; and as to fruit, it was in the greatest plenty. Every day they had delicious cloud berries, which grow wild in the woods, and are eaten with cream; also strawberries, raspberries, and cherries both fresh and preserved.

There was no want of cooks; the women who lived in the neighbouring cottages near the saw-mills dressed their dinners, made soups, broiled fish, and in return were allowed to carry away great loads of the branches and shoots of firs for their winter firing.

Sometimes Franz and Felix extended their walks

and collected flowers, and sorted and dried them. The lily of the valley was now in its full beauty, scenting the air all around, and covering the earth with its leaves and blossoms. There were not many tuneful birds; but sometimes an eagle would be seen stooping from some lofty pinnacle of a rock; and sometimes a small tinkling sound of bells would show that there was a herd of cows or flock of sheep not far off.

The timber merchant was an Englishman—the agent of a London company, whose business it was to import Norway firs and pines for building merchant vessels in England.

He could not speak Norse, and was glad to avail himself of the aid of Felix and Franz: for with the former he could speak English, with the latter French.

He took a great fancy to the youths; and told them many interesting details of what was going on in England: of the railroads, and the manufactories of various kinds.

He used often to say that the people in Norway seemed to him as industrious and ingenious as any he ever saw. In particular, he was quite in admiration of their neat and beautiful workmanship in wood.

It was quite curious to see how, while he praised these things, and seemed willing to admire and imitate any invention or practice which was new to him, and which struck him as being in itself useful, the Norway workmen, on the other hand, at first scarce listened to his accounts of the wonders which machinery had done for England.

This is generally the difference between men who have seen much of the world, and those who have lived in one small circle, where they learn to think much of themselves and little of all the rest of mankind.

This merchant had travelled in all the four quarters of the globe, and he declared that, wherever he had been, he had found something new and instructive.

He was sure he should never be too old to learn, he said, and was willing to be taught anything that was good, even by a child.

This was quite Franz's feeling; and he was delighted to meet with any one so gentle, liberal, and well-informed. It was a pleasure to converse with him, and all the Norway men were flattered by his curiosity about their own beloved country and people.

They are accustomed to see many commercial travellers, but it was plain that these were generally quite engrossed by their business, and cared only for making a bargain; so that, when they found the Englishman could sit down and talk with them on other subjects, after he had quite finished the business of the firs, it gave them a very high opinion of his understanding.

Some called him Baron; some insisted upon making him a present of tobacco, and none would allow him to pay anything for his part in their meat or drink.

'The Baron' having expressed a wish to obtain a sight of the cock of the forest, a bird rarely found excepting in Norway, and *there* very scarce, a day's sport was determined on, in compliment to the stranger; and Mr. Jansen, his son, Franz, and several others, took their guns, and, accompanied by two or three tall shaggy dogs, set out one morning very early in search of game.

They took a course over several steep hills, covered with wood; and, penetrating into many beautiful dells inhabited only by squirrels, and green hollows, seemed to have lost all traces of man, so perfect was the silence and solitude.

At length, towards ten o'clock, the party entered a very deep forest dell, having shot little game hitherto, and that of a small kind. The traveller found, however, that here they expected to be better repaid; and accordingly, after a minute's search among the bushes, up rose a large black bird, as big as a hen turkey,

and was instantly brought down by Jansen's gun which was laden with bullets.

This successful shot was immediately after followed by a failure. The cock of the forest was hardly brought down before an animal of the elk kind, as large as a middle-sized horse, dashed from the underwood, and a number of guns were instantly discharged after him. That this noble animal, which was no other than the great Norwegian elk, was wounded by the discharge, was most probable; but he had strength and swiftness enough to escape, and in truth 'the Baron' was very well pleased at the circumstance.

Another day, or rather night, they went to see the process of fishing by torch-light; which is only allowed on certain spots of the river two or three times during a season, an immense number of fish being always destroyed on these occasions.

This being the latter part of the Norwegian summer, the darkness lasted about four hours, and all the party were in readiness as soon as the sun went down. It was necessary to wait till the gloom had deepened its utmost in the valley: then torches were lit; and the nets being previously spread, and the men ready with their spears, the fish, attracted by the light, rose in great numbers to the surface, where they were speared, or caught in the nets.

It was a curious sight to see the numbers of people assembled on this occasion: in their wild costume, seen by the red glare of the torches, they had a most picturesque appearance; and the silence of the scene was also remarkable, this being absolutely necessary to the success of their night-fishing.

Large fires had been kindled under some of the trees, and women were standing employed in dressing the fish when caught. Tents were ready, underneath which some of the party were seated making their dainty suppers, to which brandy formed the sauce.

The poorer people, on this occasion, obtained a great

many fish for their own use, which they either potted for home consumption, or sold immediately.

As he had some introductions to the principal families in the neighbourhood where he was making his purchases, the Englishman was invited several times out to dinner at the houses of persons of a higher rank than the farmers; and on one occasion he spent two or three days in visiting at a very beautiful house on the borders of one of the lakes.

The customs of the family were those of most people of the same rank in Norway. They had a sort of early repast, consisting only of coffee, without anything to eat, about seven o'clock; and, about half-past eight, breakfast of a more substantial kind.

There was cold meat and game, cheese, bread, cakes, coffee, and wine. The rye bread, when not sour, was very good; but in general is preferred sour. Dinner was served at one o'clock: and the length of the meal tired our Englishman extremely; for, while there are many different dishes, only one is put on the table at a time, and if but one person eats of it, all the rest wait while he is eating.

There is always soup, and fish, and a good many meats; and the vegetables are cooked up in a variety of ways, seldom plain, but generally with sauces of cream, of which the people of Norway eat a prodigious quantity.

Directly after dinner, coffee is brought on; tea follows at six, and supper at nine. All this quantity of eating was quite too much for our Englishman. He often wondered how the Norwegians could find appetite for such a number of meals, and of so heavy a quality.

It was also a matter of regret to him that the ladies of the family were obliged to labour so hard to supply materials for all these many meals.

One lady, who had been in England, told him she would much rather be a maid-servant *there*, than a lady of rank in Norway. At least half of every day is

spent in the kitchen; and, when she comes to her own table, it is not to sit down among her guests in peace and comfort, but to wait upon them,—to set on the dishes, change the plates, and walk round the table to see that everything is right: she does not often even dine herself with them.

She helps to wash the linen, and lives a good deal among her servants; and yet she has been taught many accomplishments. She often performs well on the piano, and dances and sings beautifully, but, while it is contrary to custom to let guests be waited on by servants, a Norway lady must necessarily be much taken up by lower cares.

There is one time of year in particular in which she is quite overdone with business. Late in the autumn it is necessary to provide stores for winter. During the severe season, animals are rarely slaughtered; but there is a grand killing of bullocks, sheep, pigs, &c., before it sets in; and these are preserved in various ways: some salted; some merely allowed to freeze, and kept in that state all winter. Various kinds of high-seasoned meats are also put up, and quantities of vegetables and fruit preserved.

The servants are not very tractable, as far as our traveller could judge. He did not see any reason to doubt of the general kindness with which they were treated, but they appeared much less civil and docile than could have been expected under the care of good masters.

However, the cause of this was soon discovered. The Norwegian peasant is a man of few wants; and those wants being easily supplied, he has no great inducement to enter the service of a master. He is an independent man with such small exertion, that it is natural enough he should prefer his own peasant's life to that of a servant.

It will not do in Norway to lose many hours in pleasure parties in summer. There is so much to be

done in a short time, that day and night put together are scarcely long enough: and, now the wood was cut down and afloat, Jansen had to return home as fast as possible, and see to his harvest.

Rye, oats, and barley were ready for the sickle. On Jansen's farm there was a wheat field or two; but the crop was poor, and hardly answered gathering in.

Franz had a few acres of his own, which his father had given him to manage as he pleased; and he had been at the pains to clear the land of weeds and stones, and had also incurred the expense of having the ground manured, so that his crops were really very good; but still they wanted better ploughing.

His new friend, the Englishman, grateful for the kindness he had received in Norway, offered to send him an English plough. He would have done the same by Jansen, but the old Norwegian said he preferred his own, and 'it would never do to be always making alterations.'

Franz, however, gratefully accepted it; and when the next spring came, and with it the promised implement, he excited a good deal of curiosity, and some sarcasm, by immediately using it.

All the neighbours allowed it did the work well: but what was the use of being so particular? the land did very well without it.

Franz said nothing, but went on. In due time Felix employed a carpenter and forger of iron to make him one like it. The man found it was not much more difficult to make ploughs well than to make them badly. He made several, and offered them for sale,—saying nothing of their foreign origin. The neighbours at first seemed half-ashamed to buy; but at last one made the venture, and praised his bargain; then another,—then another,—then another,—till the district was nearly supplied by English ploughs.

In the same manner Franz quietly introduced turnip husbandry; then a different and improved breed of

cattle,—then pigs. He said nothing to excite the anger or jealousy of the people, but let things take their course; and when his stock, or his grain, or oats, had been some time before their eyes, they began to consider them as *natives*. He did not offer to give away or force upon them his novelties; but put a fair price upon them in the country markets, and they were more and more in repute.

By degrees Franz is become one of the most considerable farmers in the district. He is grown rich, as it was right and fair that he should,—for his money has been earned in the way of industry and fair dealing, and he has made the best use hitherto of his riches—always striving to encourage industry and useful enterprise.

When Felix lost his father, which happened when he was about twenty-two years of age, he also followed his friend Franz's example. His young wife, Una Troil, whom he had married the year before, was happily disposed to help him in all his plans. She made his mother's old age comfortable, and her ready good humour and cheerfulness was a dowry of happiness to Felix.

Franz is a bachelor still. His sister keeps his house since his father's death; and he says they are both too busy to think about marrying. He declares that Felix's children shall be his heirs. However that may be, they are a happy circle.

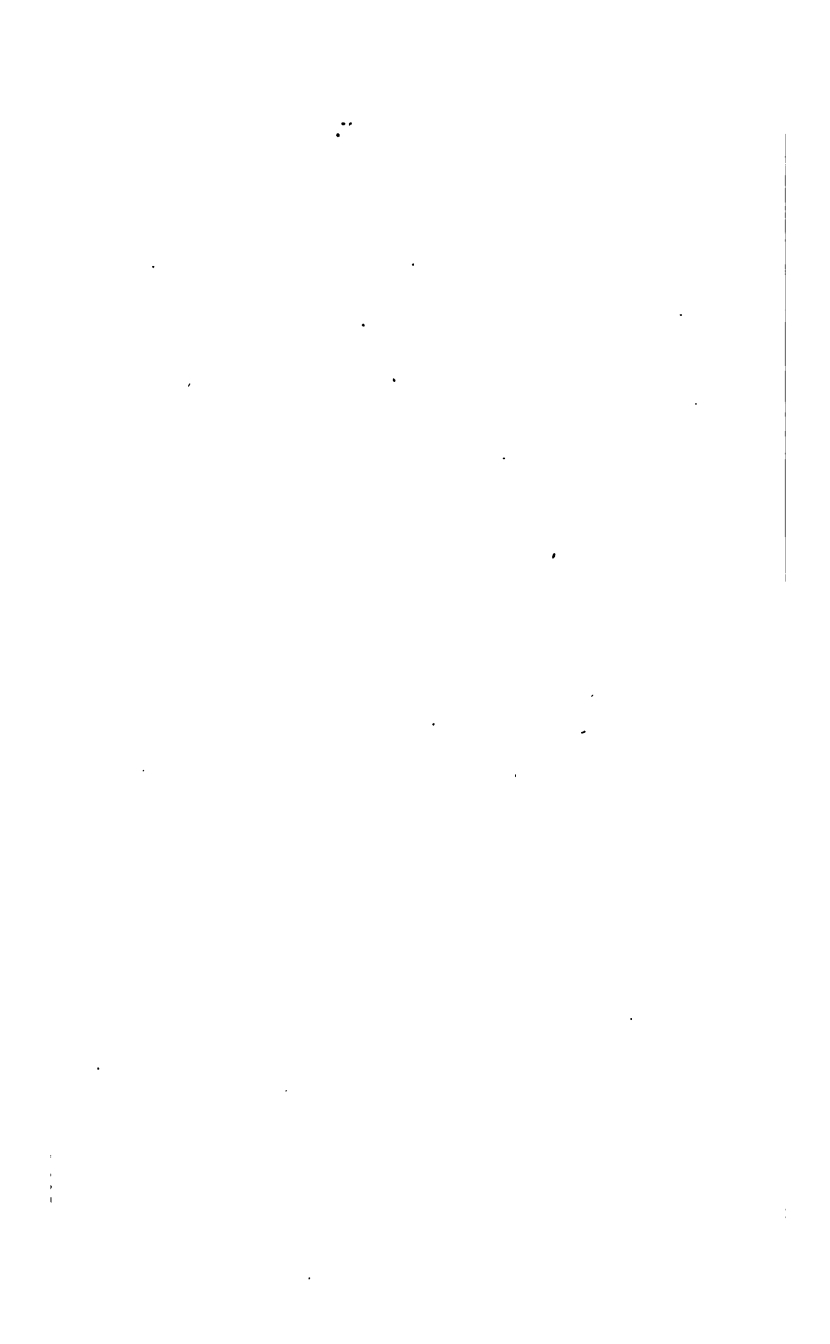
They have established a little Sunday service at each other's houses, when they cannot attend the church; and there is always a good congregation assembled to hear what is worth hearing,—for Felix and Franz are well qualified to give wholesome, plain Scriptural instruction, and to lead the devotions of the simple peasantry.

Then they teach the young people to sing their Sabbath hymns, and give useful instruction to those who cannot meet on working days; and in winter they visit,

in rotation, the more distant cottages, and give lessons in reading and writing to whoever may be disposed to learn.

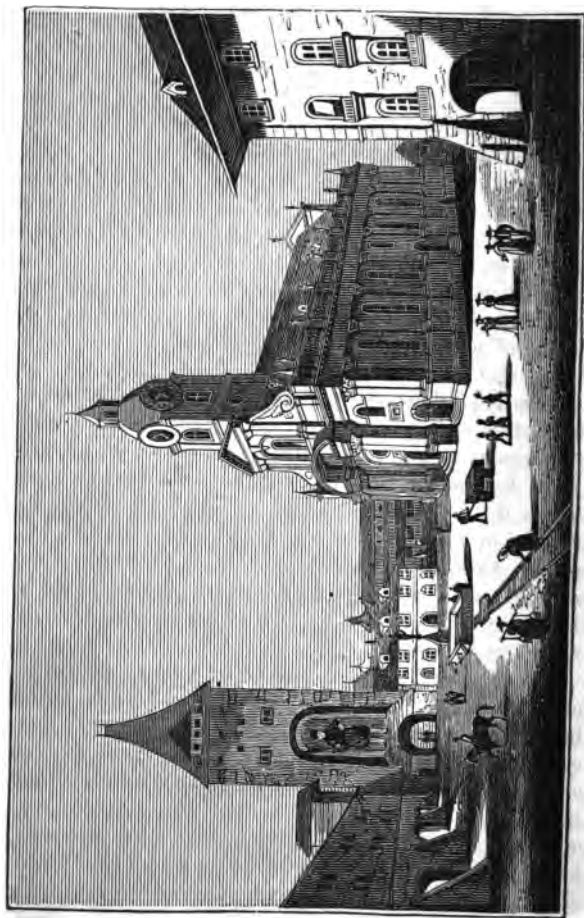
It is pleasant to know that so much good may sometimes spring from the efforts of one sensible, benevolent, and pious man, like Franz Storr, who goes abroad only to return with a heart anxious to give the good he has gained to those at home.





LEONARD HARTMANN,

THE SWISS TRAVELLER.



View in Berne

Leonard Hartmann.

ONCE upon a time, when paying a visit in London, I was taken by a friend to see a Diorama.

On visiting a Diorama, you enter a semicircular room fitted up with benches, and quite dark, though a great body of light is thrown upon the scene you are to look at, which is painted like a drop-scene. But you may gaze on a drop-scene for an hour, and no changes will take place; whereas, in a Diorama, by means of some exquisite management of light and shade, and of certain chemical effects produced by heat on the colours with which the scene is painted, the picture is made to undergo various changes, and to represent in turns the different shades of morning's dawn, brilliant sunshine, twilight or moonlight, as well as the darkness preceding an approaching storm, or a fire in a distant place. These effects are heightened by various sounds, such as those of music from an organ, or the ringing of a bell, or the firing of a gun, behind the picture. The scene I saw I shall endeavour to describe.

It represented a Swiss mountain village at night-fall. The tall spire of the church rose from amid the cluster of many houses which were collected together in a narrow valley bounded on each side by lofty mountains, whose tops were clad in perpetual snows. Considerably nearer than the town was a building, it might be a blacksmith's and sawyer's shop, for wood and planks were lying about, and a forge was there. A bright red light was in the window; the smoke went up from the chimney. How this was managed I cannot tell, but it was not like a picture of *still, dead* smoke; the column seemed to

be always in motion, and was puffed here and there by the wind. A mountain road, on one side of the valley, led to the town, and the lights in the houses were reflected in a small lake. Now this was the representation of a real place, of a town among the Swiss Alps, and the calamity which we afterwards saw represented in the Diorama, did really befall that very place.

For some time we saw only what I have described, but this was quite enough to occupy us. We looked at the little quiet town lying so snug and peaceful in the valley, and the lights in the windows made us long to know what the inhabitants were doing. Then we looked up to the immense mountains; one, in particular, was a magnificent monster, green at the lower part, but topped up with pile upon pile of snow, till the great mass hung over, so that we thought, when we looked again, there must be some danger of its falling on our poor little town beneath, and crushing it and all its inhabitants, as a giant might crush an ant-hill with his foot.

Just as we began to doubt and fear a little, (for the picture is so painted that you can hardly think it anything but reality,) a sort of whistling, murmuring, gusty noise was heard, like the gradual rising of the wind, when it is going to be stormy. This went on for some minutes, the noise getting a little louder, and the scene darkening, just as if a black cloudy night was coming on, and then it seemed to us as if all was misty as in a thick snow. This was what was intended; as it was now night, the lights were put out in the houses, but we could still see what was going on. Gradually a large quantity of snow slid off the great mountain, on one side, and filled up, first the lake, then covered the houses; then, all on a sudden, a bright light was seen on the top of the church steeple; then the alarm bell was rung in a hurried distressful manner, as if the poor people had all run

into the church and did not know what to do. But the bell rang in vain; no help came, and the snow fell faster and faster, till it covered the window in the steeple where the light was seen, and the bell ceased, and we were all in darkness. Though I knew it was only a picture I saw, yet I could scarce help weeping, well knowing that many a house and village, and many human beings, have thus been overwhelmed in a moment in these mountainous districts.

We remained in this darkness for a short time, till a little faint light was admitted into the picture, then a little more; one of the high mountain peaks caught the rays of the rising sun, and was tinged with a rosy hue, and immediately afterwards the full light of morning burst upon the scene, and we saw the changes that had taken place. There were the snow-clad mountains looking much as before, but the road and the valley were choked up with the snow that had fallen. There was no lake, no view of trees or houses; all that the eye could discern of the Swiss Village was a little point sticking up in the snow, which lay smoothly, as in a level basin, all around it, and this point was the top of the steeple of the church from whence the alarm bell had sounded.

Though I had often heard of a calamity like that represented here, of a sudden slip of snow burying in a moment whole towns and villages, I cannot describe to you how much more powerful it was to *see* it represented than to read or hear about it. However, I have since heard a great deal more about the country in which this village stood, and if you wish to learn what I learnt, I will introduce you to the person from whom my information came.

It was a Swiss, who was travelling the country, with a little plump animal called a marmot, a native of the mountains where his master was born. The man was decently clad, but looked very cold, for it was a wintry day on which he came to show his marmot at our door, and we made him come in and sit by our

kitchen fire and tell us a little about his travels. He could speak hardly any English, and his French was not easy to be understood, being a kind of country dialect, something between German and French. However, as he was patient, and willing to repeat, and to explain himself, we managed to make out pretty well what he said.

If you are able to look at a map of Switzerland, I should much recommend you to do so before I give you his story. You will find it a singular-looking country, even in the map. You will see it crossed and bounded by numerous chains of mountains, and a number of lakes will also appear. The Jura Alps separate it from France on the west, the Rhine divides it from Germany on the north, and to the south and east are the Alpine mountains, again separating it from Savoy and Italy.

The country is divided into Cantons, or provinces, each of which has a government differing in some degree from the other, but held together by a mutual compact for self-defence. In former times these cantons were often at war with one another, partly on account of their religious differences, some of them being Protestant, and some Roman Catholic. At that time, also, they found it difficult to agree among themselves, as to joining or not some of those powerful neighbouring states which wanted their services in war; but they are all now in peace and harmony, and it is to be hoped will continue so.

The people of Switzerland, though they have often shown themselves rash and ill-judging in provoking contests with one another and with foreign powers, have often also displayed a stern patriotism and dauntless courage worthy of admiration. When the French invaded the Canton of Lucerne, in the year 1798, women as well as men fought against them with the utmost desperation. They worked all night, dragging cannon over rocks and precipices, among which it was expected the French would pass, and

many of them were obliged to bring their young children with them to these dangerous places. Their invaders, enraged at the resistance they met with, showed no mercy, but cut down whole families, and the poor remnant of the people of the canton were driven up into inaccessible places, where they were starved among the mountains. On one occasion, after a battle, eighteen young Swiss girls were found among the dead, having all fought in the ranks.

Nothing could exceed the desolation of many parts of Switzerland at this time. The cattle were captured for food to the victors, the villages were burnt, and their inhabitants turned adrift amid the snows of the Alps. Even those who were no party to the war, were wholly ruined by the necessity of supporting large armies upon their scanty resources. One act of barbarous and utterly unjustifiable cruelty committed by the French about this time, it is impossible to forget. On the top of the St. Gothard, six thousand four hundred feet above the sea, a hospice, or inn, had been erected, four centuries before, for purposes of mere humanity, to afford a place of refuge to travellers in that inclement region. This building was first plundered and its guardians chased away, and afterwards literally pulled in pieces, and nothing left but the bare walls.

The Swiss are, in general, simple in their manners, but they differ widely, in the different Cantons, in dress, dialect, and of course in habits, according as they live in the lower and more cultivated parts, or in the high Alpine regions.

Some of those Cantons which border on Germany, speak German chiefly; those which approach Italy, a sort of compound of Italian and French.

Our Swiss friend was very communicative, and from him we heard many particulars which my readers may like to learn; I shall therefore make no farther preamble, but let him be my hero.

LEONARD HARTMANN's father lived, and lives still, his son believes, on one of the highest inhabited spots in all Europe: at Grindelwald, a town three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Although this town stands so very high, it is overtopped by such immense mountains, that it does not get the more of the sun's light in consequence of its lofty situation. Leonard says there are many weeks of winter, in which it is impossible for the dwellers in that place to get sight of the sun at all. The lofty wall of mountains on either side completely obstructs the view of him at those times: but Leonard has often stood by the side of Grindelwald Church, on the 25th and 26th days of November, and again on the 17th and 18th of January, because all the villagers know that if you watch your opportunity, and are at this spot, exactly at noon, you can see the sun through a hole in one of the mountain peaks called the *Eigers*, which is two miles off. A good many people assemble to take a sort of leave of the cheering object in November, and to welcome him again in January.

Leonard gave us a terrific account of the dangers of this country, through which there are no better roads than mere mule-paths. The inhabitants, when out on their hunting expeditions, trust entirely to their eye, and their dexterity in climbing, and crossing places which might be thought inaccessible to all but the birds of the air. Immediately above you, at Grindelwald, shoots up a singular mountain, called the Wetterhorn, or Weatherhorn,—so called, because it shows the state of the weather, its head being often wholly hid in clouds. It stands so as to be visible from top to bottom, and seems as if cut down in one perpendicular line to the valley. Another mountain peak is called the Jung Frau, or Young Woman, and another

the Silver Horn. The dazzling whiteness of the snow on the sides and tops of these steeps tries the eyes extremely; but, looking down into the valley, all is fresh and green in summer.

There are to be seen, also, two of those great frozen rivers of ice called glaciers, which are formed from the partial meltings of the mountain snow in summer, and are again frozen and fixed in their places every winter. Though there is never time enough for summer to undo the work of winter, very great progress is made in thawing the masses that lie on the tops and sides of the high mountains, and it is in the latter part of a warm summer in particular, that the avalanches, or falls of snow, are the most numerous.

There is no part of the Alpine region in which these avalanches are so numerous as they are in Leonard Hartmann's district, because the mountains there do not slope gently down to their base, but about half-way up they break off, as it were, into abrupt precipices, down which, when the sliding snow from above reaches them, the whole mass comes thundering down at once. When you are abroad in this region in a clear warm day, beneath an August sun, you hear the sound of these falling masses continually; and, as every crash reverberates among the mountains, the echoes prolong the noise for a considerable time.

Leonard described to us his early life. He said his father was a very keen hunter, as most of the men of Grindelwald were. He has known him out a week at a time hunting the chamois, climbing from one steep pinnacle to another, and sleeping every night amid the snows of the mountains. Sometimes he would come home exhausted by fatigue, and thin and spectre-like; then, Leonard told us, his mother used to nurse him, and bathe his torn feet and hands, and entreat him, with tears in her eyes, not to venture again, for the sake of his children; but Hartmann the

elder gave little heed to this, and so strong was his passion for the chase that he had hardly patience to wait till his wounds were healed and his strength returned, before he would sally forth again.

‘We never expect,’ continued Leonard, ‘that a chamois hunter should be long-lived: they seldom give up the sport till they are worn out, or perish in some daring adventure; but my father was checked in the middle of his career, by accidentally breaking his leg, which being unskilfully set, he was lamed for life, and was never afterwards able to pursue the game. I had, however, two brothers, and they were as good hunters as any in Grindelwald; but it pleased God to take one of them off by a bad fever—the other, if he still lives, I warrant him, is a hunter still.’

‘And were not you also skilled in the chase, Leonard?’ asked I.

‘No, madame. Nature gave me another taste—as you shall hear; nevertheless, I have as a boy been on one of our hunting expeditions, and know pretty well what the dangers are. I remember that time as if it were but yesterday. My father disregarded my mother’s anxiety, and insisted upon it that we should *all* go,—my two brothers, namely, and myself, accompanied only by one faithful dog. In vain my mother entreated that at least he would leave me behind. I was that day sixteen years old, and had never been so strong a boy as my brothers; and my mother knew that, when my father was once engaged in the pursuit of game, he would quite forget us, and we should either have to follow him through all his dangers, or lose sight of him in some desolate spot from whence we could never find our way alone. But my father—though, like all of his profession, he was a man of few words, silent, and grave—was resolute and positive. It appeared to him that a young man, who had never followed the chamois over the steepes of the Alps, was unworthy to have been born at Grindelwald: he did not insist upon

it that I should pursue hunting as my vocation in life, but I must make proof of my manhood by a regular chase or two—it would do me good for the rest of my life. I was not unwilling, and should have been ashamed to appear even as little eager as I really was; but the truth was, that I had fallen in with some mountaineers from a part of the Alps bordering on the north of Italy, and had caught from them a desire to visit foreign countries; and I did not care to be killed, madame, on the Wetterhorn, before I had seen a little more of what the world had to show me. However, we are all brought up to obey our fathers in Grindelwald; and our pastor himself, who was a keen sportsman, would not have abetted me in any rebellion on this occasion: so we were made ready, and set forward, with his blessing and the prayers of the women, who followed us out of the village.

‘I was a pretty good marksman, and carried my rifle like the rest: we were furnished with a sharp hoe, to cut steps in the ice, where we could not find a footing; and we had hooks in our pockets, which we could on occasion fasten to our shoes. We carried each a stick, with a point of iron at the end, and a short spy-glass, together with our provision of barley cakes, cheese, and brandy. We did not set off till the afternoon, because it is a good plan to sleep for the first night at some one of those little mountain huts, or chalets, which are built on the heights on purpose for the accommodation of huntsmen or shepherds, and which stand always ready for them, being furnished also with a little dry wood for firing.

‘In one of these huts we took up our abode. I did not sleep much. The cold of that high region was severe; and, as the hut would but just hold us, I was terribly cramped. Besides, the whistling of the wind and the noise of the avalanches kept me awake. The dawn of day was beautiful: one snowy peak after another caught the glowing tints as the sun rose higher

and higher, and the beautiful rose-coloured light spread farther and farther. You English ladies can have no idea of anything like it. You have never stood among peaks and walls of snow and ice; seeing the sun rise among these, and knowing that though he will have quite power enough to ripen the fruits in the valley below, and to melt some of the snow from the mountain tops, yet there they will be at evening—nay, as long as the world lasts—as white, and seemingly as thickly covered as ever. Nor have you heard the music of *that* country, mesdames,—the waterfalls *always* thundering, the avalanches, *often*; the echoes repeating the sounds: the goat-herds singing the *ranx de vaches*, and the cow-bells marking the place where the cattle are feeding among the mountains. Then, if the hunter fires at the game, what sounds are awakened! Perhaps you do not know that the shock of his fire will bring down numberless masses of snow from above, which, but for that, might have tarried a long time in those upper regions; and there will be one clap of thunder after another, as the great masses fall, and as the echoes repeat the sound time after time. I have sometimes feared to sing or to speak, as I trod gently under some overhanging mountain, when I have seen at a glance that the snow was in such a state that the least motion of the air would bring it down upon me.

‘When the morning came, and we had all snatched our hasty breakfast, we prepared to set out. The chamois is one of the shyest and most difficult animals to entrap that is known. Its senses of smell and sight are most acute, and its sagacity such that it is extremely difficult for the hunter to approach within gun-shot of it. It has also amazing swiftness and power of limb, and will bound from rock to rock in the most inaccessible places. One thing is, however, in the hunter’s favour; the chamois is not frightened by the report of a gun, the sound so much resem-

bling *that* of the falling avalanche to which it is accustomed. If a single animal is met with, the chase is not so very hard; but, when feeding in herds, it is most difficult. In that case, one of the animals is always planted as a sentinel, on the point of a rock; and, when he perceives any symptoms of danger, he alarms the rest, who then follow the call of some experienced leader, and dash over the glaciers into the very worst places they can select.

‘We had not gone very far on the morning I have told you of, when my father gave the signal of caution to us. He told us to lie down on the snow, while he went round a point from whence he could obtain a better view. We had, on rising this morning, obeyed his orders, and put our shirts over our clothes, that we might be as little visible as possible. It was tiresome waiting while this looking-out process was going on, but we were forced to obey. At length my father came back, telling us in a whisper that seven chamois were feeding in a hollow some way below. My father added that he must put our dog upon the track, but, while he did so, that we must steal round over the shoulder of a projecting rock, and station ourselves in some narrow pass towards which there might be a chance that the animals would take their course when driven by the dog.

‘We did as he desired, and after a toilsome climb concealed ourselves behind a projecting rock, which overlooked one of the glaciers up which my father thought it likely the herd would fly. He waited till he supposed we might have settled ourselves, and then we guessed the dog was let loose, but it was a long while before we saw anything of the sport. For nearly an hour our faithful animal was hunting the creatures from one point to another. My father never lost sight of him, as he afterwards told us, but we dared not stir; about the end of that time, however, one of my brothers touched me with his elbow, and leaning

over the abyss, we saw directly below us, about two hundred and fifty paces, a solitary chamois, which appeared a good deal tired. All our guns were ready, but my brother whispered that he had a right to the first fire; we yielded, and in an instant the noble animal fell dead on the snow beneath.

‘Just at that moment my father arrived to applaud my brother’s skill, and to tell us that we must hide the game carefully, and let *him* lie in wait while we endeavoured to follow the dog and drive the rest of the herd as near as we could to this spot. My brother dashed down the precipice, though it was very steep and slippery, up to his knees in snow, but soon made signs to us that the dead animal was too large and heavy for him to lift alone, and we were obliged to join him and drag it up by our joint weight. We could, indeed, have cut it up where it lay, but my brother had set his heart on taking the skin, at least, whole; so we buried it in snow as near as we could to the place from whence he had shot it, and then parted company with my father.

‘It was not long before we came in sight both of our dog and of the rest of the herd; but to give you an idea of the chase they led us would be impossible. Over torrents, and across fields of ice that stood up in sharp points and huge billows, with here and there a deep yawning crevice which no human being in a cool moment would have deemed it possible to cross. But the chamois dared us to the leap, and we *did* leap after them, and we let ourselves slide from pinnacles of rock down narrow shelves many feet below them, on which, when we were once landed, we could not see a place above or below whereon to plant our foot, or make our escape. But then we put the strong iron hooks on our feet, and cut, step by step, resting-places down the icy steeps, and sometimes we plunged and bounded at hap-hazard, as the game set us the example, up to our shoulders in snow.

‘If ever there was a madman’s dance, that was one surely. I, who had never been out before, and had always passed for a quiet, sober youth, was so wound up on this occasion, that they told me afterwards I had done more wonderful things than any of them. I dare say I was often in imminent danger, but the only time in the course of the chase in which I was sensible of it, was when a poor persecuted animal of the herd made directly towards me, while I was standing on a narrow point of rock, only just wide enough to afford me footing. It was plain that one or both must perish, from the rate at which he was coming, and my gun had been that moment discharged. I did, however, the best and only thing that could be done; I threw myself flat down on the rock, clinging to it with both hands with all my might. The chamois sprung over my back, made one bound, and was dashed to pieces on the precipices below. This was, indeed, a fearful moment, and the fate of the poor animal shocked and sobered me. My brothers, who saw my danger, had given me up for lost, and could hardly believe their eyes when I rose up unharmed, and when I pointed to the mangled remains of the poor chamois below. This was nearly enough for me, however, and my limbs were stiff with fatigue.

‘Just at this moment a large bird of that grand-looking species, the *lammergeyer*, darted down from the top of one of the neighbouring mountains, and seizing on a fragment of the poor chamois, carried it off to her eyrie.

‘Well, ladies, suffice it to say that we were out all night, and never got sight of our father again till the following day, when we came suddenly upon him and learnt that he had shot an old female chamois, and captured a young one hardly a day old, which he was carrying home on his shoulders. He directed us to the place, and we skinned it and brought home

part of the body, and the whole of the one we had killed the day before, which weighed upwards of sixty pounds, and was very fat and fine. My mother smoked and salted the flesh for winter, and my brother hung up the horns in our chalet,—as for the skins they made us gloves and breeches. The chamois, I am told, are becoming scarce, and the government will not allow them to be hunted at all times of the year; and as to our other mountain game, the hares and foxes, the pheasants and red partridges, the Grindelwald hunters give them very little respite, I believe.

‘It was not very long after this that I had an opportunity of beginning my travels, but I did not leave Switzerland itself for some time. My first trial of life out of the mountains was at Berne. Berne is a beautiful city, mesdames. I, that had lived till then among pine and fir woods, and with very scanty acquaintance with the fruits of the earth, you may be sure I thought it was the garden of Eden, for you cannot imagine richer meadows and finer crops of grain, and a nobler growth of trees. How the peasants for leagues round it do enjoy themselves in the summer season, under the shade of their walnut trees; and how plump and comfortable they look! But that is the way with the Bernese; they are well at ease, and have plenty of the good things of life, and perhaps it is *that* which makes them not a little haughty or so. You do not see a poor person any where about Berne, and the houses are all good and comfortable. At Berne you are full in sight of the mountains which surround my home, and I used to walk on the terrace walks near the walls and see the sun throw its evening rays among them, making them look like pyramids of ruby.’

‘One of our ladies here interrupted Leonard, and asked him about the dress of the women of Berne.

Leonard smiled. ‘I fear you would think it very

singular, ladies. Our women are mostly clad in black, with a white stomacher, I think you would call it; their sleeves are white and very full, something like those which a great English bishop wears. As to their hair, you young ladies have learnt to imitate it; it is plaited in two long tails, which sometimes reach to the heels. But the black cap seems the most strange at first; it does not half cover the head, but is turned up a projecting trimming, rising several inches. The women all wear this kind of cap, even little children wear it, and they work in the fields always with it on. It is very curious, that in our Cantons the dress of one is the dress of all. It is like a livery which each Canton wears, and by which you know them everywhere.

‘In the Pays de Vaud, instead of these black caps you would see nothing but immense straw hats.

‘I was living with a brother of my mother’s,’ continued Leonard, ‘a Bernese farmer, while in Berne. My uncle had sent word that he should like to have one of his nephews to help him in the hay harvest. He was accustomed to send his cows into the mountains in the summer, and my mother and we one year made cheese for him, so it was but a return of service. My mother never attempted the cheese-making, however, but that one summer; it was too much for her, or for any woman, indeed, and my uncle’s herdsmen did it in future. They had a chalet (hut) among the mountains. Many herdsmen come to our Grindelwald Alps with their cattle in summer. Upwards of three thousand cows feed there in a season, and as many sheep and goats. They are beautiful cattle, and though wild and full of play, the herdsmen can bring them home in a trice, to be milked, by showing them a handful of salt.

‘You would think the chalets dreadfully dirty places. No doubt they are so, for in fact the pigs and the cattle are more thought of than the herdsmen.

The house is made of wood, the roof of shingles, and it projects eight or ten feet beyond the dwelling. The shepherds sleep in a wooden gallery hung up under this projecting roof, but though they have so few comforts, and there is little cleanliness in the house, I must say they are wonderfully neat in making the cheese; the milk pails and strainers, the press, and ladles, and spoons, are all beautifully clean, and the cream is very rich.

‘Though Berne is such a beautiful city, and has such fine roads and terraces all about it, I was not so happy there as at Grindelwald. They are a proud people. I might have lived on there to this day if I could have liked it, but I wanted to see more of the world. My uncle contemned my wandering spirit, for he could not fancy that any one could ever wish to leave such a homestead as he had to offer; and it is very true that nothing could be more comfortable. But I had taken a great fancy for travelling, and though there was plenty to admire close at hand, I wanted to climb over some of our Alps and see the Glaciers of Chamouni, and also to visit some of our other lakes.

‘One day, as I was turning the thing over in my mind, and walking backwards and forwards in the road, very intent, I suppose, in thought, I was accosted by a mild amiable-looking young man in black. He spoke pretty good French, but it was easy to see he was a stranger. He asked me some questions about our country, and made some remarks on the scenery; and then he put in a question or two about the state of religion in Berne. I answered him as well as I could; our people went to church, at least the women did regularly enough, but I could not say so much for the gentlemen. He seemed a good deal shocked at our evening sports on Sundays, which surprised me not a little. I found by his talk that he was a Scotchman, and had been

brought up in a land where these things are thought very sinful; but he did not talk angrily; only as if he wished us better ways of passing our Sunday leisure, and as if life was so short that he thought we could not have time enough, with the best we could do, to do all good there was marked out for us, and improve ourselves to the utmost. I couldn't say but he was right in that, I only doubted a little whether it be wise to draw such a tight rein upon man, who is, at best, but an unruly colt. However, to do him justice, I soon had opportunity to seeing that he professed no more than he practised, and he led me to know some in my own land that did the same.

‘Finding, that when I turned my eyes towards the Alps, and particularly to Wetterhorn and Jungfrau, the tears sometimes came, in spite of me, he asked me about Grindelwald, and when I told him what sort of a place it was, he said it could not be very unlike one he had been seeing, more towards France; and he told me wonderful things about a young pastor there, who was teaching the people to sow, and plant, and water, and to read and write, and know about foreign countries. I was rivetted by what I heard; it seemed to me so extraordinary, for he said that till lately this young man had been living quite at his ease in the lower country, and now he had chosen to spend the winter on the top of a crag covered with ice, where, in order to get up or down, you were forced to cut places for your feet with a hatchet.

‘It was impossible to get any fresh meat or pleasant food up to this hamlet in winter. But because nobody else would go to teach the poor wild inhabitants anything, this good young man went and stayed all the last winter, and built a school-room, where he used to labour at instructing the people, young and old,—both in religion and in all the useful knowledge he could convey. This certainly had not been the way with

our pastor, who, though a good-natured man, thought more of sporting than of teaching: and I was quite astonished, and wondered at the motive that could induce a gentleman to take such pains. When the foreigner saw my surprise, he assured me that it was Christian love to his fellow-creatures, and nothing else; that he had only a very small pittance to live on, and had very few comforts and no luxuries; and was forced indeed to lead nearly the same life as these mountaineers. It made me think better of Switzerland, when I heard of such a man as this; and I said I should like to go and see him, and that I was at that time wanting very much to travel.

“And I am wanting a servant,” said the gentleman, “to accompany me during the rest of my journey in Switzerland. If you would like the situation, and can refer me to some respectable persons for your character, perhaps we might suit each other.”

“You cannot think, ladies, how this delighted me. Though I had thought little, too little, of Providence, I felt that this was really a providential meeting; and I gladly gave the gentleman information about my friends and family. He made inquiries, and the answers were satisfactory, for he soon sent to let me know I might come and speak with him at his hotel.

“This was the happiest time in my life. Mr. Martin was the kindest and best of masters to me. He not only wished me to go to Grindelwald and tell my friends where I was going, but he went with me himself, promised my father and mother that he would take care of and repay me honourably for my services, and added that, if I really proved deserving, he should perhaps wish to take me back to England with him. He won the heart of everybody at Grindelwald, he spoke so kindly to my parents and brothers; and, though it was easy to see that he and the pastor were different men, and had quite different notions, yet he did not speak arrogantly to him, but gave him some

useful books for the parish and the school, and convinced him that he had been prejudiced against some very kind and benevolent Christians, who were warmly desirous of the good of Switzerland, though they might not in all things act according to the same judgment.

‘Well, all this settled, we set out on our travels, and a beautiful journey we had. We first went to Geneva, where my master wanted to stay some little time. That is a town in which there are many fine things to see; but oh! it is not to be named with Berne. The streets are so shabby, the houses so tall and gawky, like a hoyden miss; not like the grave, majestic, massy houses of Berne: and the lake, though it is all very pretty, is not *grand*. The country-houses, however, commanding views of the Alps in the distance, and the lake in front, must needs be fine; and the people are a clever people. What beautiful artists they are in clock-work, and in all kinds of clever mechanism. And they draw so well, too! It is wonderful to see what pretty pictures are made and coloured by even very poor children: and how careful they are of everything beautiful; not to hurt or spoil it.

‘Let me tell you, ladies, something that happened while we were there. There was a great botanist, a Mr. de Candolle, living at Geneva at that time, and for aught I know he may be there still. He gave lectures on plants and flowers, showing the plants themselves to those who attended his lectures whenever he could. If not, he showed drawings of them. Now, this gentleman had a very valuable collection of drawings of American plants lent him only for a little while. There were no such drawings anywhere else in the world, for perhaps the flowers themselves had never been seen except by one or two travellers, so that they were very valuable. While the botanist was in the midst of his lectures, the collection of drawings was called for. It belonged to a Spaniard, and was wanted to be taken into Spain immediately. Not only

Mr. de Candolle was much disappointed, but also the people who were attending his lectures. Some ladies, who were among the members, said they should like to try to copy some of them; one hundred and fourteen ladies went to work, and, in *one week*, every one of these drawings, eight hundred and sixty in number, were copied! One lady alone did forty with her own hands. Not one of the original drawings was lost or spoiled, though they were obliged to be taken to so many persons. One was dropped by accident in the street; and what do you think happened? In many towns idle or dishonest persons would keep such a thing as they found it, in others they might be so ignorant as not to know it had any value, but here it was picked up by a child of ten years old, and brought back to Mr. de Candolle, *copied by the child who found it!* This is the way with them. They know what is beautiful and useful, and they never wantonly spoil things, as I have seen too many English do, but they enjoy themselves, and leave beautiful things for others to enjoy also.

‘One evening, when my master was on the lake in a boat, we saw a strong light in one spot on the side of a mountain which is in Savoy, and not in Switzerland; and we soon found that this light proceeded from a little village which had accidentally taken fire. The village is about three miles from Geneva, by a short bad road; and my master immediately went there, and roused the poor people to do what they could to save the rest of the village from being burned. These poor Savoyards are dull, and were so stupified, that we could hardly persuade them to help us. We at last got wet blankets, and covered the roofs of four or five of the houses, which saved *them* from being burned. But you never saw such a distressful scene as it was. The Savoyards are the greatest talkers I know anywhere: whether happy or unhappy, their tongues are always going; and such a

babble as there was on this occasion I never yet heard. It was so different from my own people; for the chamois hunters are sedate, silent, and grave. And there was my master, too, in his quiet, gentle way, putting the talkers aside, and only showing them what they must *do*. He took the little children in his arms as tenderly as if he had been a mother, and put them in places of safety; and he stayed all night, trying to keep the people in order, and sometimes endeavouring to point out how thankful they should be that not one life was lost. In the morning came cart-loads of things from Geneva for their use: provisions, and clothing, and furniture, and bedding, and a number of kind souls to help them to build up the ruins of their houses. A subscription was raised, and in a short time these villagers were restored to comfort again.

‘As we were so near Savoy, when in Geneva, my master bethought him that he would not turn back into the heart of Switzerland till we had taken a survey of some of the fine scenes that are so worthy of notice in Savoy. I was very glad of the opportunity, having heard a great deal of the glaciers of Chamouny, and of the mountains about the lake of Annecy. We Swiss are apt to feel a contempt for the Savoyards, because they are not so independent as we are. The Bernese, in particular, are very high and haughty with them; but I own it seemed to me there is no occasion. There is a very remarkable difference between them to be sure; and the poor Savoyards have little of outward comfort to boast of: moreover, they are all Roman Catholics, and are kept in subjection to their priests, and have many superstitious habits. But I should be glad to think that our well-doing people were as earnest, humble, and devout.

‘After we left Geneva, we had a long steep climb up a mountain called Mount Sion; and, as soon as we had passed its upper ridge, we lost sight of the vale and lake of Geneva, and got among the moun-

tains towards Annecy. The tops of these mountains were covered with snow, but the hollows and valleys were beautifully wooded. We did not stop at Annecy itself, but went on further, to a gentleman's house on the borders of the lake, where we were to remain a little time. Here I made acquaintance with a number of poor Savoyards, who live in cottages and villages all round the lake, which is about ten of your miles long, and surrounded by mountains, and they told me about their way of life.

'The peasants have most of them a little piece of ground, enough to grow their potatoes, which they chiefly live on; many have a few sheep and goats, and a cow or two, which feed on the mountains, and come down in the evening to the cottages, while the women and children, who go to fetch them, are seen knitting or platting straw as they come down the hill-sides. These poor people cannot keep many sheep, because it would be necessary to house them in the winter; but they generally have a very few, just enough to supply them with wool for their family use. They spin and weave this wool wholly themselves, and make nearly every article they wear. Some of the peasants are richer in cattle than others. I knew one at Annecy, who had twenty-five cows; and he used to go up the mountain every summer with his cattle, and live in a chalet, like our's at Grindelwald. It is a day's work to get to one of these chalets from the valley, so that, when once there, the people are well content to remain. There are also public dairies in the valleys, to which the poorer peasants bring all the milk they can spare. They are not paid in money for this; but it is all measured, and an account kept, and at the end of the season they have the amount in cheese. There are vineyards, also, along the valleys, but these chiefly belong to the rich; and great quantities of walnut trees, which, indeed, are the grand riches of the district. The oil which they extract from the

fruit is sufficient, not only for their own consumption, but to supply Geneva, and even part of France.

‘We were at Annecy in September, just when they were gathering the fruit; the green husks were to be taken off very soon, but the oil was not to be made till November, when the kernels were to be taken out and crushed in a mill and pressed to extract the oil. The gathering was a merry busy sight, but I should have liked being there at the shelling. It is a grand affair, I assure you. The gentleman at whose house we were staying told my master that he had generally thirty people at his house every evening, after their other work was done, for a fortnight, before his nuts were shelled. These people came only for the pleasure of the work, and for a good supper and a little singing and dancing, after all is over. They are very merry, and talk and sing the whole time.

‘We often heard great complaints of the oppression of the government in obliging all the people, high or low, who possess horses, mules, or oxen, to bring them, without pay, and work with them on the public roads, three or four days in the week for two months in the year. If they refuse, the King of Sardinia’s soldiers may seize their goods or quarter themselves upon them. This is very hard; many are summoned from a distance, and as they have no pay for their labours, it is a most heavy exaction.

‘My good master was an early riser, and used to take a pretty long walk before our breakfast hour. Often would he sit down by the doors of the cottages, where they were always eager to offer him a draught of milk, and talk in his kind way with the people. He could not help being pleased with their simplicity, and with their earnest devotion. He found that the peasant, before going to his labour, generally went into a little church, to offer up his prayers and praises, and sometimes in the course of the day, if we looked into the sacred building, we saw in some

part of it a poor man on his knees, or absorbed in devotion. My master did not like their processions, and was sorry to find how ignorant many of them were of the Scriptures, but we heard some good sermons from their priests, and the young people were diligently catechised and admonished respecting their duties. They could nearly all read, and this they were taught by the priests, who are also school-masters. My master and the priest had a good deal of talk together. The priest made a great point of teaching the children to make the sign of the cross very often, when they were in a passion, or when they were in danger, and so on. My master asked whether it would not be better to counsel them to lift up their hearts in prayer to God at those times? He saw that the poor thought there was a charm in it, and that making the sign was enough to keep them from evil. He and the priest had an argument; my master only asking him to show out of the Bible any warrant for the custom; this puzzled the priest a good deal. My master also remonstrated against talking so much about the saints, fearing the people heard and thought more about *them* than about the one Saviour of Christians. The priest did not, of course, like this, though my master was very mild; but I believe he was glad when we went away, which we did soon afterwards.

‘After that we went to Chamouni, where we saw the famous Glaciers, and had a grand view of Mont Blanc. What a mountain it is! Not at all like those sharp abrupt mountains I had been used to see, though all around it there are a number of pyramids pointed like needles, but, as to the mighty monarch itself, when one looks at it from Chamouni, there is nothing rugged or terrible. It is a gentle, swelling, pure, white dome, but its magnitude and vast height, and the snowy whiteness contrasted with the dark blue sky, make it the most majestic and solemn-look-

ing mountain my eyes have ever seen. And then to look at the abysses and mountains of ice around it, for these glaciers are made up of ice in all possible shapes, no two alike! We went upon the sea of ice, (Mer de Glace,) and up to another glacier, higher up and much more dangerous and grand; there are here immense cracks or crevices which can only be passed over by means of ladders. A great many people come to Chamouni every summer, and make it quite a gay place; and there is an hotel for the company, and there are a number of guides, and also of beggars, always about.

‘But don’t think, ladies,’ continued Leonard, ‘that I class beggars and guides together, for one cannot enough admire the guides. They are the bravest, kindest, most faithful creatures. It would be impossible for travellers to see the glaciers without their help, and they are thoroughly to be depended upon. It is a great trial to them that travellers will often be foolhardy, and want to show their bravery by doing things which the guides know to be dangerous. Young men fancy it is a fine thing to say they have been on the top of Mont Blanc, and they offer handsome sums to the guides to go with them, and sometimes force them on against their judgment, and so put all their lives to hazard. Sometimes the greatest care will not, however, prevent fatal consequences. A party of eleven gentlemen and guides went up the summer we were there. They were obliged to sleep for two nights under the top of a projecting mountain, about halfway up, because of a storm that came on, but, after the second night, the weather was fine, and they went on. It was very fatiguing, but they thought all was safe, and wanted but an hour’s climbing more to reach the summit, when suddenly the snow on which they were walking gave a slip, and the snow higher up slipped down into the vacant place, and pushed them all a good way down the

mountain. Several of them thought it was but matter for a joke, and though they were nearly buried in the snow, they soon got up and shook it off; but alas! it was no joke to three of the party, who were never seen again. Below the place where the snow slipped, there was a deep yawning crevice in the ice, probably many fathoms deep, and into this three poor men were hurried in an instant by the snow, which then closed over the mouth of the crevice, so that all attempts to get at them were vain. Everybody grieved very much at this, and the gentlemen who had employed them were sorely distressed, and could not bear to stay in the neighbourhood, but went away directly, after doing what they could for the wives and families of those who were gone.

‘Though so many men are employed as guides at Chamouni, a large number of the male inhabitants of the valley leave it every summer. Many wander about in France and Germany, and some go to England with their marmots, or other little animals, and, as they are esteemed excellent makers of cheese, many are hired in the cheese-making districts of Italy for the season. It happens, therefore, that all the house and field labours in Chamouni, in the summer, fall upon the women; they sow the corn and reap it, they cut wood, and tend the goats and cattle. Some of the men, however, are crystal hunters. Let me explain what that means. The crystal hunter’s is a very dangerous occupation indeed, and it is happily now but little followed, in comparison with what it formerly was. In the recesses of the mountains about Chamouni are occasionally found deep grottos or caverns, and in detached spots of these is discovered crystal, sometimes in considerable quantities. The practised eyes of the hunters have taught them to mark the most likely places in which crystal may be found, and in seeking for it on the sides of steep rocks, they often run great risks, being sometimes

suspended by cords from the top of precipices, and sometimes bringing upon themselves great danger, by blowing up the rock with gunpowder.

‘My master was much struck when he visited Chamouni, by seeing the women busy scattering something which looked like black seed, upon the snow, which, as it was early in the year, was still six feet deep. I was not so much surprised, for I had seen the same thing before, and I told him what it was. It was merely black mould which they were scattering over the snow in places, to make it melt the faster. This practice makes a great difference in the period of the culture for the harvests. The snow which has thus been scattered over with black soil, melts a fortnight or three weeks sooner than *that* left to itself; and the consequence is, that a better chance is afforded for the green or other crops ripening. The principal crops are of flax, which succeeds extremely well. They sow also oats and barley, and some (but not much) wheat. They cultivate freely the potato, and even make bread of it. The honey of this valley is very renowned, though it is not exactly known why it should be so superior. The bees are not of a different species from those of the surrounding country; but the flavour of the Chamouni honey, its delicate colour, and even some of its properties, differ. Many persons have been led to think that it owes these chiefly to the numerous larch trees in the neighbourhood, the leaves giving out a kind of manna of which the bees are very fond.

‘My master had made up his mind to get into Switzerland again; so we took one of the wildest roads you can possibly conceive from Chamouni to Martigny, a village which is in the Swiss canton called Le Valais. There are some fearful passages on this road to those who have not steady heads; and yet I have seen ladies take this path. Martigny is a

nice little village, and the people seem good and simple. Nobody has heard of one of the inhabitants of this part of the country being punished, or even tried for any offence, for very many years. They were in great danger, poor creatures! of being entirely ruined by a terrible flood, a while ago.

There is a rapid river, called the Drance, which runs through one of their valleys, and carries off the water from the melting snow and glaciers, among the mountains. The river is always swelled in summer, of course, by this melting. One year, however, to the great surprise of the people at Martigny, it did not rise at all. They went up to the source of the river among the Alps, to see what could be the reason, and found that some very large masses of ice and of rock had fallen down during the winter, and stopped up the usual channel, so that a lake had formed itself above this obstruction, in consequence of the melting of the ice and snow. This lake was already very deep and long, and the people knew, as the melting was going on faster every day, that it would soon rise to the top of the barrier, and then empty itself. They saw that this vast body of water would be sufficient to overwhelm their whole valley and bring ruin and destruction on them. An engineer was consulted. He set men to work, and, as quickly as possible, they made a kind of trough or gallery to drain off the lake. This plan succeeded in part, and a good deal of the water was gently drawn off, and carried into the river; but before it was half gone, the barrier burst, and down came the waters. So rapidly they came, that people on horseback were obliged to gallop up the sides of the mountains to get out of the way, and the whole valley was presently covered, and a great many houses washed away; but the inhabitants being prepared, hardly any lives were lost. Still they sustained a vast deal of damage, and all the meadows

were covered with stones, and rock, and sand. The flood soon subsided; but it was long before they wholly recovered from the effects of the calamity.

‘We then went to the baths of Leuk. This, ladies, is an awful place, and yet it is very beautiful too. The paths all about are cut in zig-zags upon the rocks; and there are real villages at different heights, to which there is no access but by means of ladders. You may wonder, but one of these villages can only be got at by means of eight different ladders placed over frightful precipices; and the people go up and down at all hours as unconcernedly, even with loads on their backs, as if they were treading a turn-pike road. If you look upwards, their houses, their vineyards in terraces, and small meadows of bright green, appear just like coloured prints hung upon a wall. The distance makes you unable to discern the steps that lead to these places, or the size of the projections; and you can hardly believe your eyes when you are told that up *there* is a church; up higher, a convent; higher still, cottages, even a castle or two. The baths are five thousand feet above the valley. When you have climbed up higher still, you find yourself in one of the grandest passes of the Alps; and here you are really not twenty miles from my native Grindelwald; only some of the mountains which intervene are inaccessible, and the traveller must take a considerable circuit. Had we been going into Italy, we should here have taken the grand road by the Simplon, which Buonaparte made. We went a little way along it, just to see it. Such a noble road, from twenty-five to thirty feet wide, and the ascent so gentle, that good horses can trot up almost the whole way. There are sheltering houses at intervals, strongly built, where travellers may take refuge, or sleep in stormy weather; and at the very top there is a hospice, quite a grand handsome building. The very highest point is six thousand one hundred and seventy-four

feet above the sea; and when you descend on the other side, you are presently in Italy. In order to prevent a steeper ascent, ten passages are pierced quite through the rocks, forming vast galleries. It is such easy travelling, that there seems to be no danger whatever; but it is not so; for avalanches often fall from the heights above; and it is a very expensive road to keep in order, as the poor Savoyards find to their cost. Great watchfulness is required to clear it of snow, and all obstructions from the falls of rocks and stones.

‘It is rather melancholy travelling in the Valais. I do not think it is a wholesome country; the valleys are deep troughs, through which the air cannot circulate, and they are damp and hot. This being the case, the people prefer living on the sides of these steep mountains. There they are cut off from intercourse with the world; and the poor Cretins abound—melancholy objects, being idiots and diseased. The people are all Roman Catholics, and place wonderful faith in images and relics.

‘To show you how much attached they are to their observances, I will only tell you that a party of them who were at work in the valley of Lauterbrunn, which is separated from the Valais by a chain of the steepest mountains, and by glaciers, actually crossed over this terrible barrier at a place where no human being had ever been known to pass, for the sake of attending mass in the Valais on Sunday, returning to their work over the same mountains on Monday.

‘I cannot tell you, ladies, half the wonderful places we saw. We went to Mount St. Gothard; and then we came into the Canton of Glaris, the principal town of which is so surrounded by mountains that you cannot see the sun for more than four hours in a winter’s day, and you must go quite out into the air to see anything of the sky. The people of its valleys are great travellers, and spend often the best years of their

life in working for other countries; but they almost always come back to Switzerland at last. Then we went to the little Canton of Zug: and there we mounted the great ridge of the Righi, which is a vast mountain dividing the Lake of Zug and Lake Lucerne, and is thought to command the finest view of all Switzerland which is to be seen anywhere. The whole country is spread out as in a map below you: and there we saw the Rossberg, and heard from our guides a great deal about the terrible calamity which happened there some years ago.

‘The Rossberg is a very great mountain, rising three thousand and six hundred feet above Zug; alongside it were several villages, scattered about the valley. One fearful day, without any apparent cause, a great part of this mountain fell down, and buried five or six of the villages in its fall, with four hundred and fifty-seven people, only seventeen of whom were dug out alive. The calamity was so great, and so unforeseen, that it made a very great impression throughout Switzerland, and in many foreign countries besides. We had often heard of avalanches, and now and then we have had an earthquake; but the fall of one of our Alpine mountains was a thing nobody could have foreseen. Yet, as I had it explained to me, it did not seem so very surprising. This mountain is formed of different materials from those of most of our mountains: it is composed of great masses of pudding-stone, in layers; and between the layers there is a kind of earth which is liable, in very wet weather, to turn into a slippery mud; and it is supposed that this was the case here, and that the heavy masses of rock slid off their base. The summer had been very rainy: it was in the year 1806; and two days before, namely, on the 1st and 2nd of September,—it had rained incessantly, and crevices were observed in the mountain, and a cracking noise was heard. A man who was at work in his garden found

that, when he put his spade into the ground, it moved of itself. Several springs of water ceased to flow, and the pine-trees shook without wind. This was about two o'clock. Towards five in the evening the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide slowly down; but there would have been time enough for the people who saw it to run away. One old man had often predicted the fall; and when he was told that the mountain was coming down, he went out of his house, and looked out; then went back again (would you believe it?) saying there was time to fill another pipe. No: there was not time; for the house was buried the moment after, and the youth who had warned him ran off with the utmost difficulty.'

I had often heard of the fall of the Rossberg, and so had my companions; but still we questioned Leonard respecting several particulars, which were confirmed by his testimony.

He told us about one family in a village just under the mountain. The poor man heard that the mountain was falling, and, snatching up two of his children, ran out with them, calling to his wife to follow directly with the third; but she could not bear to leave a fourth behind, and she turned back for it. At that moment her servant Francisca was coming across the room with this little child of five years old. She saw her mistress; but in an instant the house seemed to be torn from its foundation, and to spin round and round like a teetotum. 'I was sometimes,' she said, 'on my head, sometimes on my feet; it was quite dark, and I was separated from the child.'

When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, bruised, and in great pain. She knew she was buried alive, and hardly hoped ever to escape. She managed to get out one of her hands, and wipe the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of the child, Marianna, and called to her by her name. The

child said she was on her back, among stones and bushes, which held her tight; but that her hands were free, and she saw the light and something green; and she asked Francisca whether people would not soon come and take them out.

But poor Francisca said, 'No! It was the day of judgment, and nobody was left to help them; but that death would come, and then they should be happy in heaven.'

And they prayed together. After some time, Francisca heard the sound of a bell, which she knew came from a village not far off. Then she heard seven o'clock strike in another village, and began to think that there were still living beings. But now the poor child began to cry for her supper. Her cries, however, became fainter, and at last died away. Francisca, who was all this while with her head downwards, and quite surrounded with damp earth, suffered terribly from cold; and, by dint of violent struggling, she managed to loosen her legs, which she thinks saved her life. Many hours passed, and then she heard poor little Marianna cry again. It seemed she had been asleep, and she now was more hungry than ever. Meantime her poor father had been wandering about among the ruins, and, coming near the place where his little girl lay, he heard her cries. He went to work with great anxiety, and got her out alive, but with a broken thigh. Then they dug on for Francisca, who was also saved, but with much greater difficulty; for she was blind, and in convulsions for some time. The poor mother and the other child were probably killed immediately, judging by the position in which their bodies were found.

The largest of the buried villages was Goldau; and it was very remarkable that, on the morning of the day on which the catastrophe occurred, eleven travellers from Berne, all connected with distinguished families there, arrived at Art, a neighbour-

ing town, on their way to Mount Righi. Seven of them had got about two hundred yards before the rest, and the other four saw them entering the village of Goldau, when their attention was attracted by some strange commotion at the top of the Rossberg, full four miles off, in a direct line. All in a moment a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air over their heads; a cloud of dust darkened the valley, and a frightful noise was heard! As soon as they could discern any object, they turned towards Goldau; and what was their awe and astonishment when it was found that the village had disappeared under a heap of stones a hundred feet deep! No living being was to be seen. There stood the four, gazing on the spot where their seven companions had lately been in health and ease. One of these four was looking for a wife, to whom he had been but lately married; another for his son; another for two pupils, intrusted to his charge. How awful, how overpowering must have been their feelings! Not a trace is to be found of Goldau now. The bell which used to hang in its steeple was discovered about a mile off; and this is the sole relic of a once peaceful and smiling village. How in a moment do even the greatest works of God's creation crumble and come to nought!

After we had heard this part of Leonard Hartmann's narrative, we felt disinclined to hear more at that time. Our hearts were full of the poor sufferers in the valley of the Rossberg, and the sublime and awful warnings which are thus dealt out to the dwellers in this land of perils. We could not talk of travellers' toils and enterprises. We thought deeply of the different lot seemingly appointed to us, who live in a region undisturbed by these sudden convulsions, and that of the mountaineers. We wondered whether they think the more seriously of the shortness and uncertainty of life—whether their constant dangers and preservations bring them into more habitual inter-

course with the Creator of the world, in all its different aspects. We could not settle this: but we felt that, in our calm and outwardly secure state, we ought to be the more jealous over our own hearts, and dread the ease and confidence in to-morrow, which leads to insensibility of soul.

We dismissed Leonard for this time; but we soon saw him again, and questioned him as to his parting with his master, and his present plans. He said he came to England with him after they had gone over Switzerland, and stayed in his service as long as he was wanted; and then he had foolishly, as he admitted, thought he should prefer taking charge of some of the boys who carry animals about for show in London. We did not know, till he told us, that most of these were Savoyards; and that they left their native land very young, to seek a living as they could in other countries. Many of them work in Paris as chimney-sweepers. They manage to subsist upon their earnings, for their wants are few; and Leonard made it a boast that, among all the numerous people from the Alpine valleys, who have wandered abroad for work, you never hear of a capital crime being committed. He said he had seen a great many of these people, and he knew their haunts in London and Paris, and he did not know a more simple, innocent race. The figure-makers and venders do not come from Switzerland or Savoy, but generally from the other side of the Alps; from Italy, and from among the Apennines: and he told us that it was very remarkable that different valleys or districts always sent out people following the same occupation, from one generation to another. The figure-makers come from Lucca; the barometer-makers from the Lake of Como. Another valley sends out builders and engineers only; another, house-painters; another always follow the vocation of waiters at inns, from whence they sometimes rise to be hotel-keepers; another, again, deals in pastry-cooks.

Yet when these people have made a little money by their various labours, they all seem to agree in one thing: they return to the scenes of their birth, and take a little land, or build a house of their own. If they have established themselves in a settled business in a foreign country, they dispose of it to some relation, but they themselves take their way back to their mountain homes; and it is pleasant to see them thus enjoying the fruit of their toils. They could not prosper, as in general they do, were they not remarkable for sobriety, economy, and regular habits: for the natives of the countries to which they go do not in general make nearly so much as these emigrants appear to do by the same business. It would be worth while, therefore, for Englishmen to study them, and learn the secret of their prosperity. Those who have been at pains to trace them to their haunts in London, say that, though gay and talkative, they do not drink, or spend their money in bad practices.

Leonard Hartmann told us, laughing, that he knew four poor lads, who had bought a bear among them, not being able to afford it singly. They had, they said, 'a paw a-piece.' Two of them travelled about with it, dividing the profits, and remitting shares to the two other partners at home. Sometimes, after they have saved enough, they become purchasers of animals on their own account, letting them out to exhibitors.

Very many, to be sure, of these poor wanderers must fall victims to fatigue, and exposure to weather, and some are unfortunate in their animals: but many return; and, if you wander through their native valleys, you see the small houses which they have built, more resembling those of England, perhaps, or Germany, than those of their own country. They carry back with them a good deal of knowledge, and improve their native district.

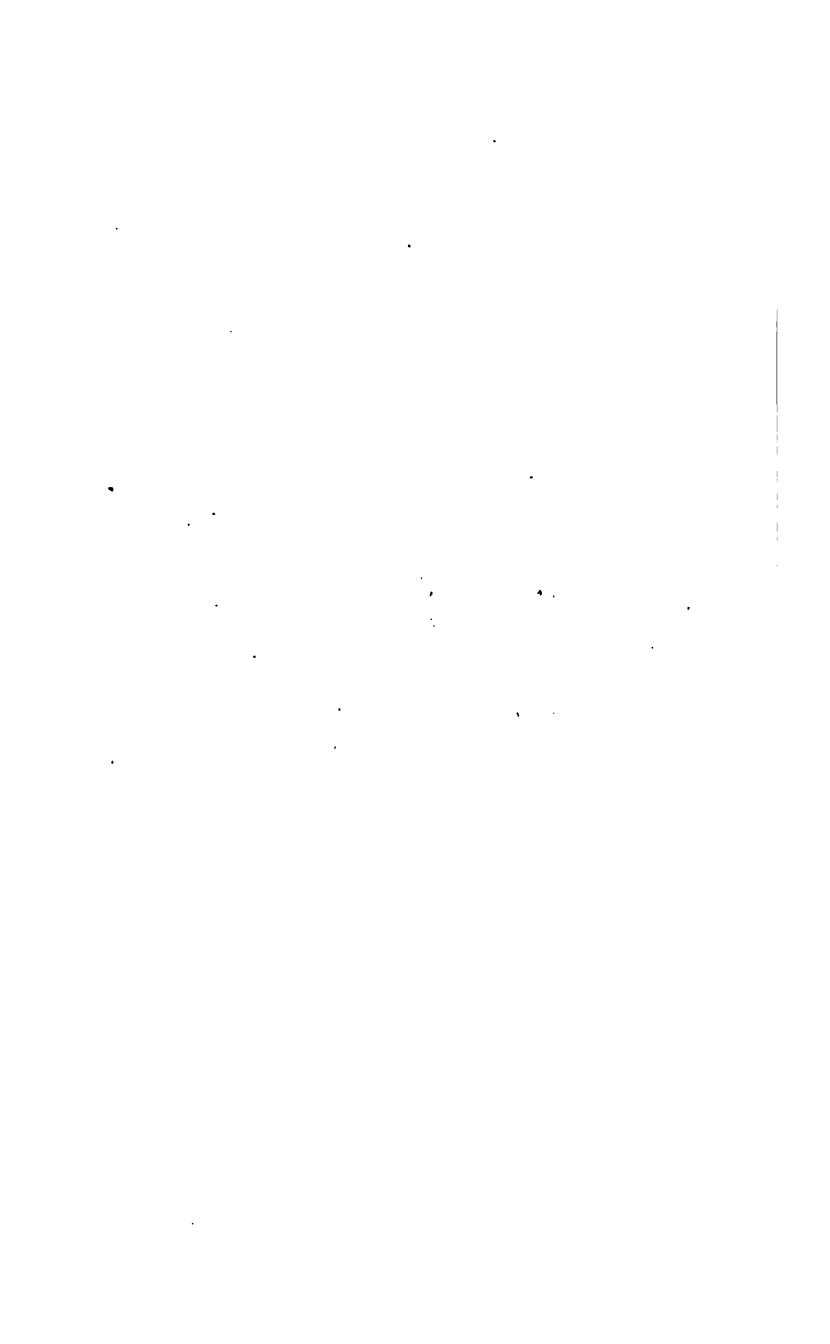
We told Leonard that we supposed he would, ere long, return to Grindelwald, and build himself a cot-

tage, where he could see the sun through the hole in the Eiger, on the two great days in November and January. He gave an assenting nod; and we told him that, should we ever come to the neighbourhood of the Wetterhorn, we would be sure to inquire for him; and, if he were willing to be our guide in Switzerland, we did not know that we should look out for another.



LONDON:
HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

Parker's
Collections in Popular
Literature.



Collections in Popular Literature,

published by

John W. Parker, London,

IT has frequently been suggested to the Publisher, that he might render an acceptable service to the friends of Education, and greatly assist those who desire to promote the intellectual amusement of the people, by producing a series of Popular Books, at low prices, calculated, by their unexceptionable tendency, for general use in families; from which School Libraries might be formed, Reward Books selected, and Lending Libraries supplied; which, on account of their convenient form and size, would be welcome as Fireside and Travelling Companions; books, in short, which might be found instructive and entertaining wherever introduced.

These suggestions he is now carrying out, in compliance with certain conditions, namely, that the works produced shall be unexceptionable in subject and in treatment; that the series be sufficiently varied to meet the requirements of all classes of readers; and that each book shall be complete in itself, and procurable for a small sum.

The **COLLECTIONS IN POPULAR LITERATURE** will, therefore, embrace most of the features of an Encyclopædia, though the subjects will not be divided into fragments, or scattered over many volumes; each subject being treated with fulness and completeness, and its information brought up to the present time.

The Plan will embrace new and improved Editions of

certain Standard English books, but the majority of the works will be newly written, translated, compiled, or abridged, for the present purpose; and the volumes will appear from time to time in sufficient variety to extend simultaneously, and in due proportion, the various branches of Popular Literature. The whole will be prepared with an especial view to the diffusion of sound opinions—to the promulgation of valuable facts and correct principles—and to the due indulgence of general literary taste.

It is not intended that this series shall form a periodical, according to the strict acceptation of that term. Several works are already published, and others will quickly follow; they will all be uniformly bound in cloth and lettered. There will be no necessary connection between the various works, except as regards general appearance, and each, being complete in itself, may be had separately; nevertheless, the volumes, distinct, yet uniform in their object, will together form a valuable library, and may be collected and classified under the following heads:

I. Popular History.

Under the comprehensive title of History, we purpose giving an extensive series of interesting and instructive works. Among these will be carefully-considered narratives of some of those moral tempests which have so often agitated the world, when men have continued a long course of disobedience to the laws of God and the recognised laws of man. We shall make it our business to record the change of a dynasty, the rise and career of a monarch, a usurper, or a ruler, whose actions have thrown a new aspect on the political institutions of a country; we shall trace the rise and progress of great commercial or manufacturing enterprises, whereby the wealth and prosperity of a nation have been obviously increased; we shall notice the train of events whereby the prevalent or established reli-

gion of a country has been changed. These and other subjects of a like character will enable us to bring up many stores from a mine peculiarly rich in instructive and entertaining matter.

It is of course impossible, in such a notice as this, to include all the features of so important a division of our **COLLECTIONS IN POPULAR LITERATURE** as History; but some idea may be formed of it from the following list of works which are nearly ready for publication:

A History of the Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Bonaparte. 2s. 6d. Ready.

The Lord and the Vassal: a Familiar Exposition of the Feudal System in the Middle Ages; with its Causes and Consequences.

A History of the French Revolution; its Causes and Consequences. Newly written for this Collection.

The Ruins of Rome and their Historical Associations; including an Account of the Modern City and its Inhabitants.

The Private Life, Manners, and Customs of the Ancient Romans. From the French of D'Arnay; carefully edited, and forming a valuable work for study or amusement.

Constantinople and its Historical Associations; with some Account of its Institutions and the Manners and Customs of the People.

History of the Rise and Progress of the Trading Communities of the Middle Ages.

Trading Communities of Modern Times; a Popular View of the Origin, Structure, and General Tendency of the Joint-Stock Trading and Commercial Bodies of Modern Times.

The Ruins of Athens and their Historical Associations; with Notices of the Modern City and its Inhabitants.

A History of London, Ancient and Modern.

A History of the Endowed Schools of Great Britain.

The Incas of Peru, with some Account of the Ruins of their Greatness.

A popular History of the British Army.

A popular History of the British Navy.

The Sicilian Vespers.

II. Popular Biography.

One of the most useful and pleasing forms under which knowledge can be presented to the general reader is that of the Biography of distinguished men, who have contributed to the progress of that knowledge in some one or other of its various departments. But it too frequently happens, that the biographical notices of great men consist rather of personal, trivial, and unimportant details, than of a clear and broad outline of the influence which they exerted upon the pursuit and upon the age in which they were distinguished. The true object of Biography is, while tracing the progress of an individual, to show not only what result his active life has produced on the well-being of his fellow-men, but also the position which he occupies as one of the "great landmarks in the map of human nature."

Yet we are not satisfied with a biography which regards its subject in his public capacity alone: we are naturally curious to ascertain whether the same qualities which rendered him celebrated in public, followed him likewise into private life, and distinguished him there. We regard with interest, in his private capacity, the man who has been the originator of much public good: we look with an attentive eye on his behaviour when he stands alone, when his native impulses are under no external excitement; when he is, in fact, "in the undress of one who has retired from the stage on which he felt he had a part to sustain."

But a detail of the public and private events in the life of a distinguished man, do not alone suffice to form a just estimate of his character. The reader requires to be made acquainted with the state of a particular branch of knowledge, at the time when the individual appeared, whose efforts extended its boundaries. Without this it is impossible to estimate the worth of the man, or the blessings and advantages conferred upon society by his means.

On the other hand, in tracing the history of any particu-

lar branch of knowledge, unless connected with Biography, we lose sight of individual efforts; they are mingled with the labours of others, or are absorbed into the history of the whole, and are consequently no longer individualized: hence we are likely to fail in recognising the obligations due to our distinguished countrymen, or to deprive of their just merit those of our foreign brethren, whose useful lives have influenced distant lands as well as their own.

With these views it is proposed that each Biography shall consist of three distinct portions:

1 The history of a particular department of knowledge, up to the time when the individual appeared by whom its boundaries were extended.

2 A *general* sketch of the life of such individual, with *particular* details of the improvements effected by him.

3 The progress of such branch of knowledge, from the state of such improvements up to our own times.

The following subjects will be immediately published:

Smeaton and Lighthouses; a Popular Biography, with an Historical Introduction and Sequel. 2s. *Ready.*

Linnaeus and Jussieu; or, the Rise and Progress of Systematic Botany. 2s. *Ready.*

Sir Joseph Banks and the Royal Society.

Sir Humphrey Davy and the Safety Lamp.

Cuvier and his Works; or the Rise and Progress of Zoology. Brindley and Canals.

Watt and the Steam-engine.

Wedgwood and Pottery.

Telford and Roads and Bridges.

Caxton and the Printing Press.

Galileo and the Telescope.

Sir Isaac Newton and the Progress of Astronomical Discovery.

Sir Christopher Wren and St. Paul's Cathedral.

Addison and the English Essayists.

Jeremy Taylor and some Account of his Times and Works.

Wilberforce and the Slave Trade.

Each work being a Popular Biography, with an Historical Introduction and Sequel.

III. Popular Science and Art.

When we contemplate the arts and processes of civilized life, we cannot but be struck with the vast amount of invention and ingenuity required for their gradual development. Not an article of clothing or of furniture, not an instrument, implement, or machine, could have been brought to the state in which we find it, without many successive steps of invention, due to different minds, supplied at different times, and brought to light in different countries. But in devoting several of our volumes to the Useful Arts, we shall not be unmindful of the fact, that Art is the application of Science to a practical end. It is proposed, therefore, under the comprehensive title of *Popular Science and Art*, to include portions of our knowledge of animate and inanimate nature. The object will be to assist the general reader to regard with an intelligent eye the varied phenomena of nature, to gratify the laudable desire of understanding what he sees, and of preparing him in some measure to enter more fully upon the study of a given subject. In this way, it is hoped to effect a useful purpose, by connecting Science and the Useful Arts; for "is is not, surely, in the country of Arkwright, that the Philosophy of Commerce can be thought independent of Mechanics; and where Davy has delivered lectures on Agriculture, it would be folly to say that the most philosophic views of Chemistry were not conducive to the making our valleys laugh with corn."

The Useful Arts employed in the Production of Food. 2s. 6d.

The Useful Arts employed in the Production of Clothing. 2s. 6d.

The Useful Arts employed in the Construction of Dwelling Houses. 2s. 6d.

The Writing-Desk and its Contents, taken as a Text for the Familiar Illustration of many important Facts in Experimental Science. 2s.

The above works are already published in this Division, and others on the following subjects are in course of preparation:

Examples of Mechanical Ingenuity.

The Philosophy of the External Senses.

Ancient and Modern Modes of Measuring Time, with curious Illustrations of the application of Clockwork. ..

The Rise and Progress of Agriculture.

The Natural History of Birds and Insects injurious to Farming and Gardening.

The Wonders of the Microscope.

Mathematical Magic.

The Fine Arts will also form an interesting portion of this Division. The object will be, in a few popular histories, to trace the origin, rise, and progress of Sculpture, Painting, Engraving, Music, &c., and their influence on mankind.

IV. Popular Voyages and Travels.

Few subjects are more attractive than the narratives of celebrated travellers. Although they tell us of beings who speak another tongue, inhabit a different clime, differ altogether from ourselves in manners, customs, dress, and institutions—yet the sympathy which man feels for his fellows makes us delight in all the details which talent and enterprise procure for us. The personal narrative of the traveller has also a great charm; we seem to participate in his dangers, excitements, and pleasures; we add to our knowledge in his company; and the truth and sincerity which pervade the narrative, make us feel a personal interest in the narrator. It is intended to reprint some of the narratives of our old English Navigators, especially those of Discoveries, which have had most influence on the progress of Geographical Knowledge. It will not be an objection that these eminent men lived at a period of time distant from our own; for their Narratives are full of truth, told with plain simplicity.

~~~~~

But the important labours of modern travellers will not be forgotten. In describing several interesting portions of the earth's surface, we shall avail ourselves of the most trustworthy individuals, and by a careful comparison of statements and details, we hope to present graphic descriptions of some of the most celebrated countries of the world; as well as of those which have only of late years been explored. Many voyages of discovery have had their proceedings recorded in large quartos, the price of which places them above the reach of the general reader, while their scientific details render them unfit for popular use: a digest of these works, containing an epitome of the lighter portions, and the results of the scientific discoveries, may prove acceptable.

The following works are in a forward state for publication:

The Life, Adventures, and Discoveries of Captain William Dampier; including a History of the Buccaneers of America.

Captain Cook and the Circumnavigation of the Globe.

An Overland Journey and a Steam Voyage to India.

Voyages and Discoveries in the South Polar Regions.

Voyages and Discoveries in the Northern Polar Regions.

Voyages and Discoveries in Australasia and Polynesia.

To these will be added digests of Travels and Adventures in various Countries of the Old and New Worlds.

## V. Popular Tales and Fiction.

The design of this Collection embraces many favourite old works, which, though containing much that has instructed and delighted our predecessors, are, nevertheless, but ill adapted in their original form for general perusal. Among these may be reckoned some works of fiction, the excellencies of which are often obscured by a grossness of style not uncommon at the time when they were composed,

but which justly excludes them from family reading in the present day. Such works would be acceptable if freed from objectionable passages; and in undertaking to accomplish this reform, without detriment to the spirit of the original, the Publisher relies on the approbation of a large class of persons, who will thus be enabled to place in the hands of the young, purified editions of those romantic and interesting tales which are naturally sought for by youthful readers, whose hands they might otherwise reach, tainted with their original impurities. Every work will be prepared for this series by a careful editing, in order to suit the general tone of thought, principle, and feeling which will pervade the whole Collection, and no work will be admitted, the name of whose author is associated with considerations painful to Christian feeling, good taste, or propriety.

Among the new works intended to be included in this Division, may be mentioned a series of tales, illustrative of the manners and customs of the people of different climes. Of these, the following, among others, are ready for early publication:

The Merchant and the Friar; or, Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages. A New Edition, revised by the Author.

The most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox; an old Romance, thoroughly revised and corrected. 2s. *Ready.*

The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man. Carefully revised and corrected.

Norah Toole, a Tale of Ireland; Rob Maxwell, or Life in the Highlands of Scotland; Felix Jansen, or Life in Norway; and Leonard Hartmann, or the Swiss Traveller. A Series of Tales illustrative of National and Domestic Manners. In one Volume. *Ready.*

Van-ti, or the Chinese Magistrate; The Leicesters, or Life in Hindostan; and The Lady of Potosi, or the Silver Mines of Peru. Tales of National and Domestic Life. In one Volume. *Ready.*

Stories of Emigrants, or, Life in Canada, the United States, and Australia.

~~~~~

Carlo the Courier, or, the Travellers in Italy; Annette Darville, or, the French Market Girl; and, Herman Stult, or, the German Peasant. Tales illustrative of Life on the Continent. In one Volume.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, newly revised; with an Introduction, and numerous Illustrations.

VI. Popular Miscellanies.

Under this head will be published, works of a miscellaneous nature which do not fall strictly under any of the foregoing Divisions, or which may include several of those Divisions. Among the former may be mentioned a short series of works on in-door and out-door amusements, the object of which is to furnish young persons with sources of amusement, innocent in their kind, and healthful in their application both to mind and body. Among the in-door amusements may be mentioned a volume which is nearly ready for publication on the game of Chess. Experience has shown that where Chess is introduced as an amusement into families and schools, it exerts a highly beneficial influence, by exciting a taste for more exalted sources of recreation than are afforded by *games of chance*, which so far from producing a beneficial influence on the mind, are apt to disturb the temper, excite animosity, and foster a spirit of gambling. Chess, on the contrary, is an effort of pure skill; it gives healthy exercise to the mental powers; it requires caution and forbearance on the part of both players; it leaves the victor satisfied with having won the game without the additional stimulus of 'a stake;' and it entails no humiliation on the vanquished, but rather prompts him to greater exertions. We propose, therefore, to give the history and antiquities of the game of Chess, together with a series of Easy Lessons, the object of which will be to make the young student acquainted with a few of the leading features of the principal openings, that he

may form some idea of the richness of the territory of Chess, and to add a selection of Chess Problems. Chess Problems form one of the most attractive departments of the game; they enable us, more perhaps than anything else, to appreciate the subtle skill and resources of a first-rate player, and tend to elevate Chess to the rank of mathematical science.

Among the works which include several of the foregoing divisions, is one in four volumes, illustrating the Progress of the Year, wherein the information given is arranged under the form of Daily Readings. All the varied phenomena of nature; the animals, the plants, the minerals, assume different phases, according to the means and acquirements of the observer, the progress of science, and the climate under which the descriptions are given. As science advances, the descriptions of naturalists admit of modification and addition, in order to keep pace with the progress of discovery; hence our Year-books require renewal from time to time. The present is an attempt to furnish a seasonal account of the natural phenomena of the year, in conformity with the present state of knowledge. The work, however, will not be confined to natural history, but will be varied with notices of the arts, antiquities, manners and customs of our native country; choice selections from our prose writers and poets; and a series of papers expressly adapted for Sunday reading, so that on whatever day, and at whatever season, the book be taken up, something appropriate of an instructive and amusing nature may be found, calculated either for family reading, or solitary perusal, as a fireside manual, or a travelling pocket companion.

The following are among the works intended for this portion of the COLLECTIONS:

Chronicles of the Seasons, or the Progress of the Year; being a Course of Daily Instruction and Amusement from the Popular Details of the Natural History, Science, Art, Antiquities, and Biography of our Father-Land. In Four Books. Book

14 Collections in Popular Literature.

the First, containing the Months of January, February, and March, is already published, price 3s. 6d.

The History, Antiquities, and Curiosities of the Game of Chess; including a Selection of Games, illustrative of the Various Openings, Analyzed and Explained for the use of Young Players; together with a Choice Selection of Chess Problems.

The Sea—the Highway of the World; or the History and Practice of Navigation in Ancient and Modern Times, familiarly explained.

The Houses of all Nations; or some Account, Historical and Descriptive, of the Progress of National and Domestic Architecture in all Parts and Ages of the World.

The Games and Sports of the Ancients and Moderns.

An Account of Shipwrecks, Fires, and other Calamities, at Sea.

The works named in this Prospectus are those only which will immediately appear. Other works will from time to time continue to be added to each of the several divisions of the COLLECTIONS IN POPULAR LITERATURE.



